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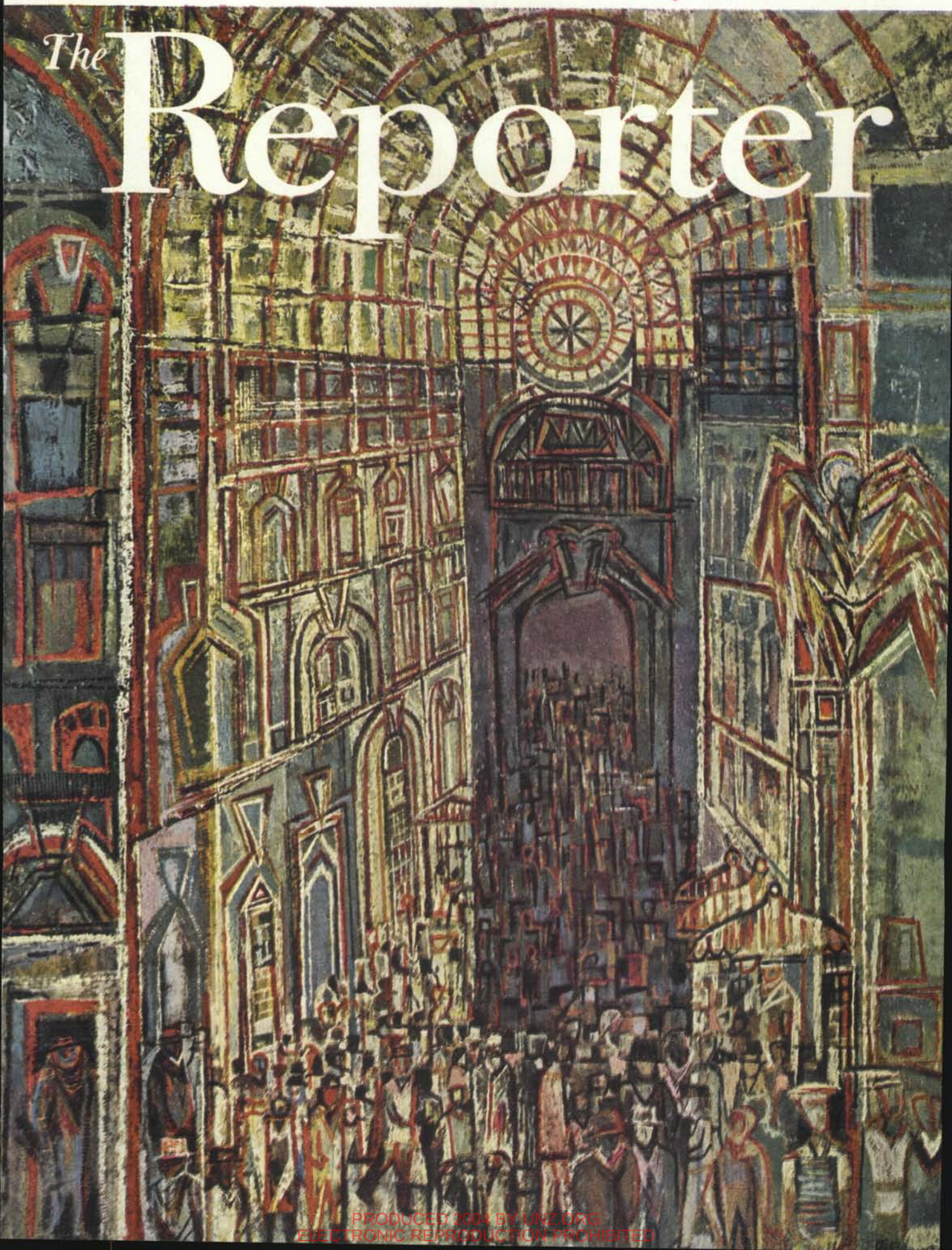
The Reporter



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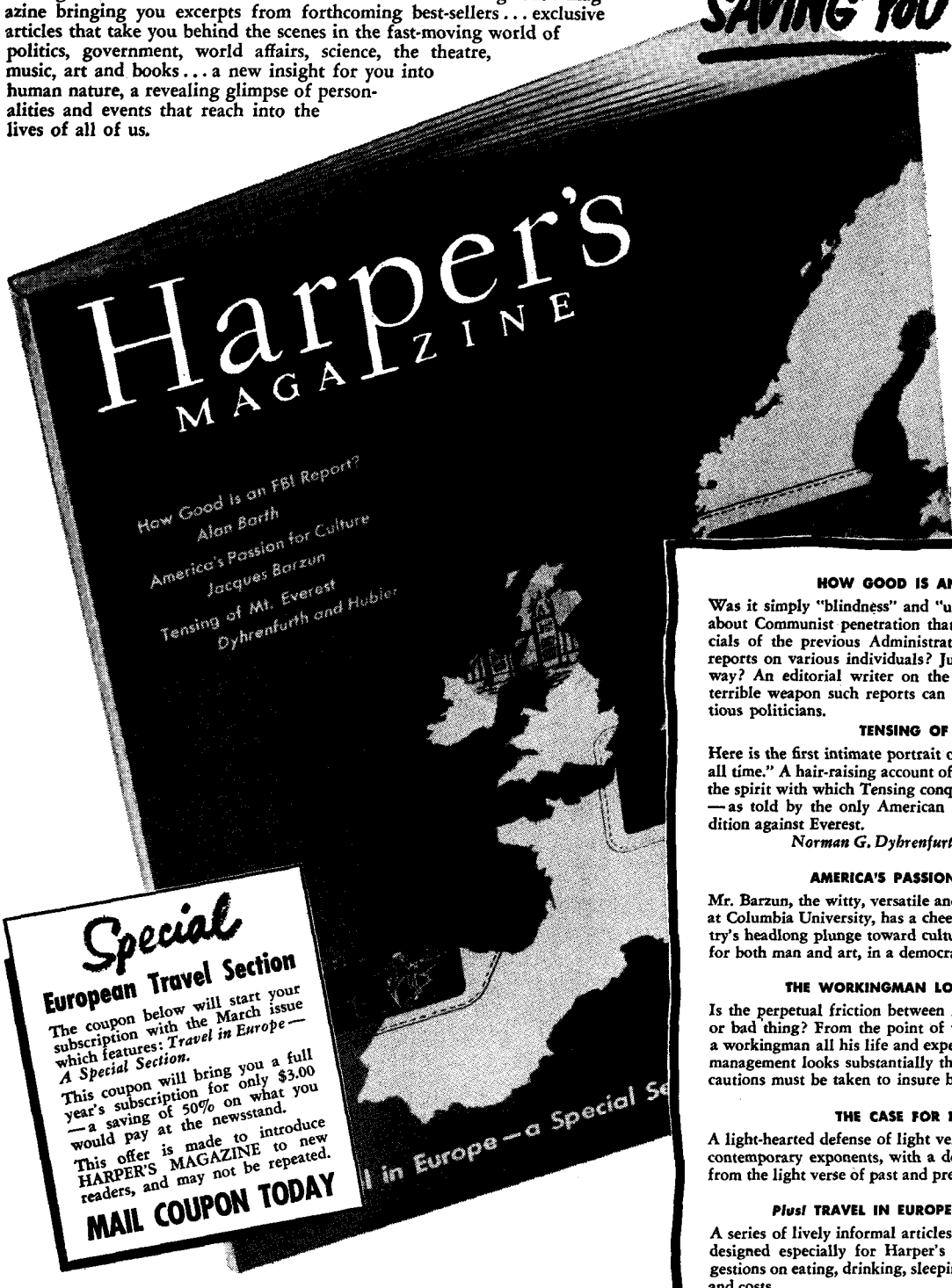

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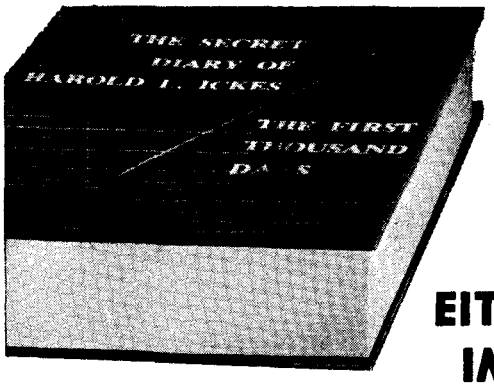

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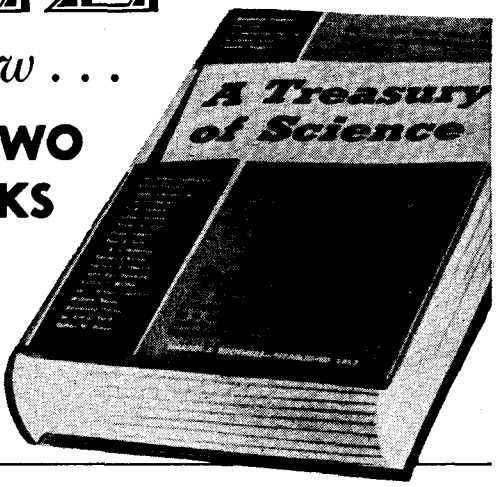

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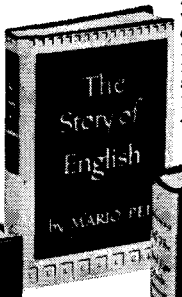

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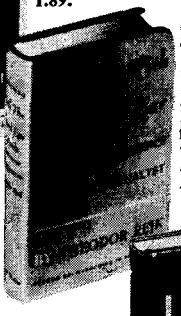

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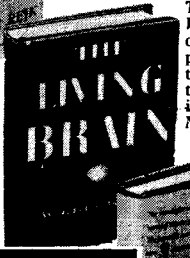

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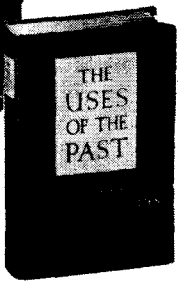

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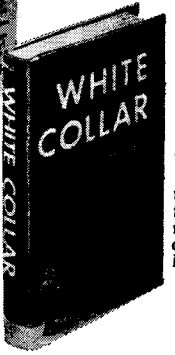

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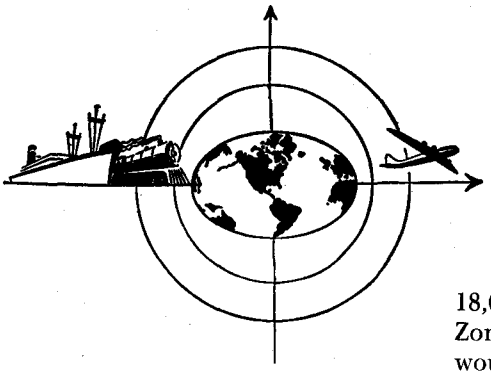

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Rebuttal Artist

The old rule still applies. What is important in our negotiations with the Communists is not our bargaining with them, but the unity we achieve with our Allies.

At Berlin the Soviets expected to deepen the western split. A year of fumbling unilateralism in Washington, plus the budgetary New Look in our defense program, must have convinced them that the western alliance was ready to fall to pieces. It wasn't.

Molotov helped to revive western solidarity by turning up with last year's proposals, by not presenting any plans for German unification that the West Germans would look at twice. Molotov has changed only in the number of times he feels it necessary to repeat the same arguments. He still makes the longest speeches, but they are shorter than the ones that Byrnes and Marshall had to listen to.

But what is new at Berlin is the show of western unity evidenced by an astute division of labor. Bidault was encouraged to lead off for the West. Eden was entrusted with the task of presenting the agreed-upon proposals for German elections first and unification second.

Dulles, who a few months ago was trampling on European toes with a lack of sensitivity that appalled his own subordinates, has found his niche as a first-class rebuttal artist. Molotov proposes, Dulles disposes. And in this role of debater for the free world, Dulles's lifetime of legal training and diplomatic rehearsing is paying off. Listen to him:

"The basic impression which strikes me is this: Mr. Molotov is afraid of genuinely free elections in the East Zone. He is afraid that the 18,000,000 Germans in the East Zone, if given a chance to speak, would overwhelmingly reject the present imposed regime. Mr. Molotov has good reason to be afraid.

". . . In the name of peace, he proposes a method of extending the solid Soviet bloc to the Rhine. In the name of what he calls democracy, he has set forth the classic Communist pattern for extinguishing democracy as that word has been understood for 2,000 years.

"The cornerstone of the Soviet proposal is the so-called Government of the German Democratic Republic. That Government was put in office by Soviet power. It was confirmed in office by Soviet power. If it had not been for elements of twenty-two Soviet divisions . . . it would have been forcibly ejected from power by the workers who in their desperation rose up against it last June.

". . . We can visualize in advance the type of elections upon which the East German regime would insist, because we already know those conditions from its past. . . .

"Indeed, the Soviet plan expressly stipulates in Communist language that the election conditions would in fact be what they were in the Soviet zone. The election must be so conducted as to assure its so-called 'democratic' character. It must provide for the participation 'of all democratic organizations.' It must preclude 'pressure upon voters by big monopolies,' and it must exclude from voting privilege any organizations which by Soviet standards are of a Fascist or militaristic nature.

"If we take the tragic pattern which has spread all over Eastern Europe in the wake of the Red armies, it does not require much wit to see what that means. It means that anyone who dares to express the slightest doubt concerning Communism is automatically deemed a Fascist or a militarist or a monopolist.

"If this system were to be applied to Western Germany, no organization opposing the Communists or the policies of the Soviet Communists, which are the same thing, would be permitted to take part in the elections."

DULLES, like his predecessor, Dean Acheson, is more at home in the diplomacy of Berlin than he is in the politics of Washington. He must feel better when he has the Communists face to face than when he is back to back with his own party in Congress.

We haven't had many occasions to praise Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State. We are delighted to say "Bravo!"

The Brickerettes

A lady reporter of ours in Washington attended several meetings of the Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment. The Vigilant Women stood and cheered for the handsome senior Senator from Ohio and listened thoughtfully when Mr. Frank Holman, a past president of the American Bar Association who is said to have had a hand in writing the amendment, told them that perhaps the amendment's greatest accomplishment to date has been "to put some of the Senators on record and find out who's for the United States and who isn't." The name of the present President of the United States was greeted with the most perfunctory applause, and according to our reporter there were even cries of "Oh, no!"

A Vigilant Woman from Houston, Texas, told the press that she had liked Ike in 1952 but went on to say, "I'm terribly disappointed

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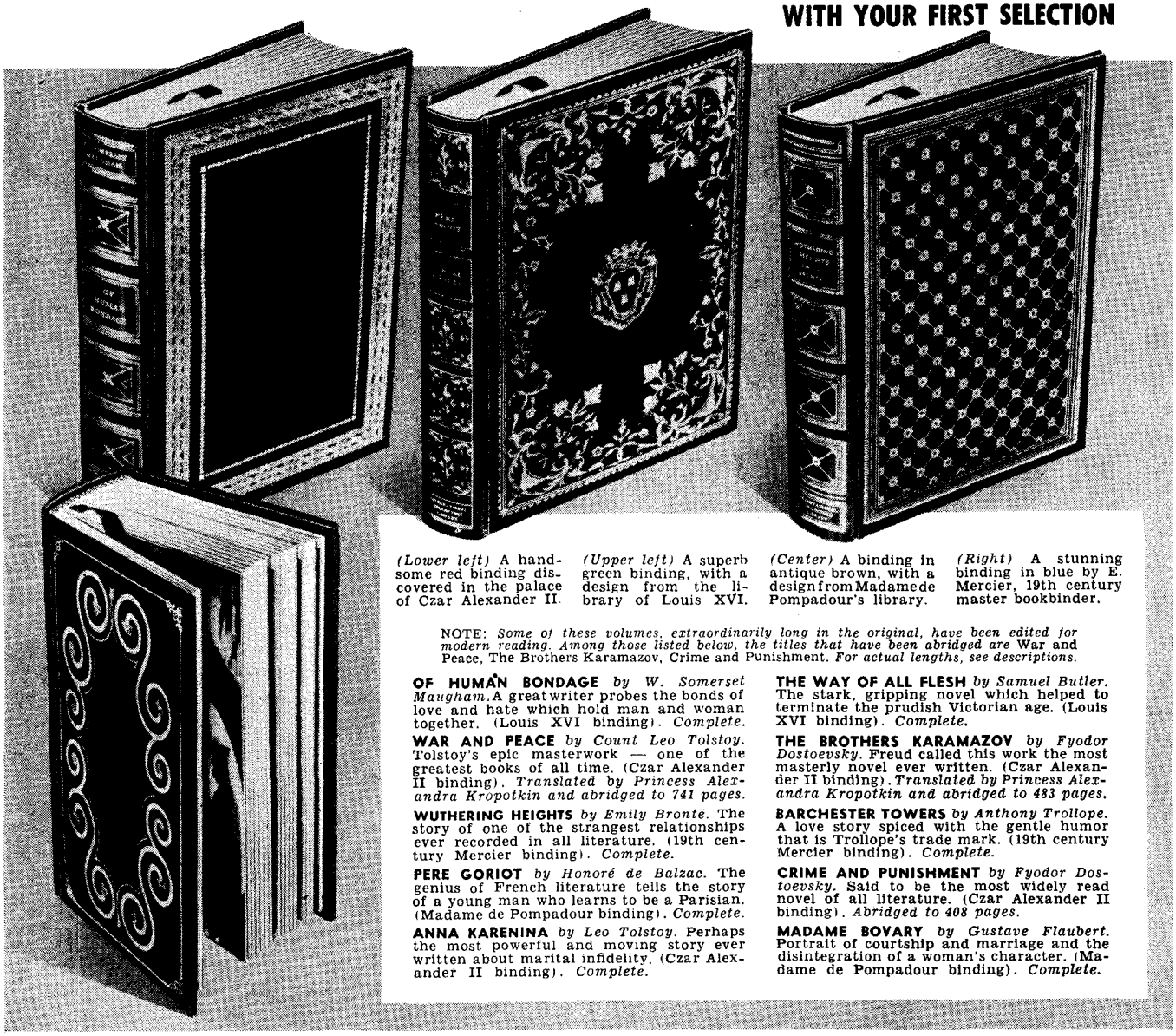

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that he's using Dean Acheson's warmed-over speeches." Another Vigilant Woman, this one from Tulsa, Oklahoma, said that Secretary of State Dulles, who had just set out for the Big Four conference in Berlin, was "skipping town because he knew all these women were coming here."

Our reporter next called at the hotel of Mrs. Robert Murray of Osceola, Wisconsin, who had been identified as a "co-ordinator" and "one of the spark plugs of the group." A slim, attractive woman in her early forties, Mrs. Murray said that she had first gotten interested in the Bricker amendment through a local study group. She smiled vaguely when asked who the Vigilant Women were. "Oh, we're just people," she said. And what did they do? They just did what they could. It was hard to say. Would she describe please how she explained the Bricker amendment to people?

Mrs. Murray turned and looked out the window. "Well," she said, "I tell them our homes and children are in danger."

Postage and Prestige

Earth-shaking events shall not deter us from paying our last respects to the venerable five-cent rate for surface-mail letters to foreign countries. It expired four months ago, but we are still not reconciled to paying eight cents. What is Postmaster General Summerfield's estimated saving of $8 million a year compared with setting up another hurdle to the friendly exchange of information, not to mention this new global loss in prestige to the dollar? (Britain still proudly retains its old tuppence-ha'penny rate for letters abroad.)

Our five-cent rate was almost as old as the nickel itself. From 1875 to 1953, through booms and depressions, five cents sufficed to send to any nation in the Universal Postal Union a letter stamped with the likeness of President Taylor, Garfield, Grant, Lincoln, Washington, or Monroe.

Historical-minded Administration officials might well object to the prominence the new rate will accord to Martin Van Buren, whose picture appears on the eight-cent stamp. Though charged by the Whigs with eating off gold plates in the White House, he was as truly a Democratic successor of That Man Jackson as Mr. Truman was to another Man. Perhaps in a year or so, after the Republicans have had time to think more about both postage stamps and foreign economic aid, our overseas mail will be adorned with an eight-cent stamp bearing the image of Calvin Coolidge ("They hired the money, didn't they?").

Base Dealing

Back in October, when the Spanish base deal was closed, *The Reporter* called it "embarrassingly one-sided." It seems strange that with all the Bricker amendment fuss about secret Executive agreements this winter, the Spanish deal hasn't been more of a target.

The key point is that we have no guarantee that we'd be able to use the bases in time of war. Since we would need them most in time of war, the failure to get Franco's agreement on this point was crucial.

At least one of the American officials directly responsible didn't learn until January 26 how badly we had been taken. At a Defense Department press conference, Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott was asked what the Air Force would do about using the bases in wartime.

"Well, who's going to stop us?" Mr. Talbott replied. "There are certain agreements on the use of the bases, but when the balloon goes up, we are going to use them."

Later the same day, somebody apparently read the base agreement to Mr. Talbott, especially the part that says "the time and manner of wartime utilization of said areas and facilities will be as mutually agreed upon." Mr. Talbott issued another statement saying that the Air Force would live up to "the agreements [with] foreign countries that have granted air bases to our country."

Perhaps the Secretary should have read the text even more carefully. For the Spanish agreement does not, in fact, "grant" us air bases. What we get is a ten-year right to build and operate Spanish bases. Admiral J. R. Perry, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, made this clear to a Congressional committee in January:

Q. Do these belong to the United States Government, or do they belong to the Spanish Government?

A. [Admiral Perry] I think the base agreements provide we have rights over there for 10 years.

Q. Are we given definite option [to renew] or would that be subject to concurrence by both governments?

A. It would be subject to concurrence by both.

Q. Either government could refuse an extension?

A. That is my understanding: Yes, sir.

We wouldn't object to a deal with Franco solely on the ground that Franco is a fascist. But to spend up to a billion dollars in building bases on which we have a tenuous and temporary hold in peacetime and no rights at all in time of war would be a rotten deal even with our best democratic ally—and indeed, no deal of this kind has ever been made with any other nation on our side.

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The Reporter
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

IN A FORTHCOMING issue we shall offer specific suggestions as to how, in loyalty and security investigations, the national interest can be reconciled with the rights of individuals. Meanwhile, since theory must be based on facts in a matter such as this, *The Reporter* gets down to cases. **Anthony Lewis,** a reporter for the Washington *Daily News,* presents a live case, one that has not yet been settled. Mr. Lewis tells a painful story but it is also a heart-warming one because it shows that although some people turned their backs on the victim of an outlandish accusation, many more did not. There is still so much kindness and fundamental decency in our country that the American people, we think, will never be paralyzed by fear.

In all these security cases, a major and usually unsung role is played by the defense lawyer. In a security case, a lawyer finds himself in the position of investigator, psychoanalyst, and father confessor, as **Adam Yarmolinsky's** article shows. Mr. Yarmolinsky, a graduate of the Yale Law School and a former clerk to a Supreme Court Justice, now practices with a private firm.

RECENTLY there has been a spate of articles in the American press announcing Italy's imminent fall into Communism. Until last June the same writers who now say Italy is as good as lost spoke of Italy as a tower of strength in the democratic structure. Those who have followed the reports of our Rome correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** know that *The Reporter* has not been so mercurial. We have never been complacent about the dangers of Communism, either in Italy or anywhere else, but we have also avoided hysteria.

In Canada the danger of Communism seems as remote as can be, but there is one danger to report: Canadians are indignant at the way we treat their statesmen and, close to us as they are, indignant at the way we treat ourselves. What Canadians say about us may be unpalatable and based on misunderstanding, but nothing could be more perilous than for us to take our northern neighbors for granted. **William H. Hessler** provides a thoughtful commentary on the situation.

A Canadian by birth and now an American citizen and a Professor at Harvard, **John Kenneth Galbraith** is one of our foremost economists. He sees the report of the Randall Committee as an outstanding example of that curious process through which the Administration proceeds toward self-education.

Speaking of education, **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, reports on the odd phenomenon of some youngsters who have taken to playing at being cloak-and-dagger anti-Communist investigators and sleuths.

Eric Hoffer's book *The True Believer* was an event. A longshoreman and a seasonal agricultural worker, without formal schooling, Mr. Hoffer writes, as will be seen in this issue, with terseness and epigrammatic skill. When we tried to let him know that we were printing his article, we found that he could not be reached—he was off somewhere picking peas.

The author of our article on film censorship is **Arthur Mayer,** a veteran of more than thirty years in the motion-picture industry, who is also known as the author of the recently published book *Merely Colossal.*

The book on Russian military strategy reviewed by **Robert Knapp** is one that should be known to laymen as well as specialists. It is always well to learn of the habits of one's enemy.

Marvin Barrett, who looks with some distaste at a wonder drug Aldous Huxley proposes as a panacea for all the ills flesh is heir to, has just completed a novel about an imaginary religious community in the Southwest.

Our cover impression of a typical *galleria* (in Naples, Rome, or Milan) is by **Al Blaustein.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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CORRESPONDENCE

A CONTRADICTION?

To the Editor: In your December 22 issue, you carried a fine article on the smear campaign conducted by the Republicans against the Charter Democrats of Cincinnati, Ohio. An apparently minor but actually important point made in the article concerns the report of an FBI man's visit to the city manager's office on a courtesy call. A raw file on a man recently hired by the city was reportedly left behind by the FBI man without any identification on the file to show that it was issued by the FBI. The file revealed the Communist background of the new employee.

Now in your January 5 issue, Francis Biddle writes: ". . . he [Hoover] will not permit FBI reports to be used except for the purpose for which they are intended—to 'secure facts upon which determinations can be made by those officials of the United States government who have the responsibility for taking whatever action is indicated.'"

I realize that two different individuals, not connected with *The Reporter,* wrote the articles, but I am sure that you recognize your responsibility to resolve such an obvious and serious contradiction.

ALEXANDER K. FRASER
Chicago

(Apparently even FBI agents do not always follow the instructions of their chief.)

HOW WOULD *YOU* LIKE IT?

To the Editor: I have just read "How to Hate Americans," by M. R. Werner in the December 22 issue of *The Reporter.* Strange as it may appear to you, it is not Americans we dislike, it is their funny little ways. We do not dislike their being rich; we hate the way they *keep on telling us* what a lot they have done for us. Put yourselves in the place of, say, the British, who have never had foreign soldiers on their shores. All 'round our east coast and far into the countryside are thousands of U.S. soldiers, driving their huge cars through our narrow lanes. Imagine your New England seaboard cluttered up with thousands of French or Spanish soldiers, with tons of money to spend, driving all over the place. I guess you would just love it.

And they let us know that they are the rich and we are the poor. One U.S. officer said to my neighbor, laughing: "We've bought your little country for a seaside resort!"

Why do Americans, when they have helped a country, instantly tell them of it? As soon as you have spent so many dollars in assistance, your Senators instantly start rubbing it in.

A friend who went to Boston (I think it was) told me that her hostess took her first to Bunker Hill, where the British were defeated. Tactless.

You cannot possibly imagine the rage and fury we feel when Americans urge us to pull up our socks and get going. All the bitterness almost of defeat rises in our throats.

Yet Americans individually are the kindest people ever. The "Yanks" here will help in any disaster. If only they would hold their tongues! And your Senators also.

I exempt American women from all the above charges. I never met an American woman who was not good and kind. This morning I met one of the wives in the U.S. Squadron; as pretty as a picture with a smile like a sunny day. Yes, American women do no harm to the Anglo-American entente!

CAROLINE SMITH
London

THERE IS NO PEACE

To the Editor: Thank you for *The Reporter* (January 19) with Vernon Aspaturian's article, "What We Should Learn from Panmunjom." Mr. Aspaturian has done an excellent job of placing the problem of voluntary repatriation of prisoners of war in its proper historical and philosophical context. His article is a convincing answer to those who have feared that the insistence upon safeguarding the prisoners against forcible return to Communism was not much more than sentimental.

Beyond this, he has pointed out clearly the essential nature of the world struggle: the appeal to the minds and loyalties of mankind.

Much that he left unsaid may be safely inferred from the nature of his hypothesis. Fighting against Communism is not merely a matter of shooting guns. When the gunfire is stilled, the war still goes on—and may indeed be intensified. The danger to the free world has not ended and has not lessened simply because at Panmunjom there was a truce.

My Government has long insisted upon the validity of the point of view that Mr. Aspaturian has so cogently expressed. President Rhee and others have repeatedly pointed out that the population of northern Korea, including many youths impressed into the Communist army, is basically Korean in loyalties, and should be clearly distinguished in our thinking and acting from the real enemy which utilizes that population for its own purposes.

Similarly, the danger exists that the weakness and uncertainty demonstrated by the United Nations may discourage the anti-Communists in southern Korea and in all Asia. When the peoples of the world see a Soviet Union sure of its aims and unshakable in its pursuit of them confronting a free world divided in purpose, uncertain in action, and compromising in spirit, the net result can only be a shifting opinion toward the Communist side.

Too many people are saying that the war in Korea has ended. What we all need to understand is that the war has been shifted into a new and extremely dangerous phase. The battle for the minds of men has been intensified. Our failure to realize that for the Communists war is a total and continuous condition—vitalizing all their plans and actions—is our greatest weakness. Unless the democratic world awakens to this fact, the era of freedom (which has had only a historically brief existence) may be drawing to a tragic close.

I hope you will publish many more articles of similar import. The leaders as well as the peoples of the free world have shown themselves to be confused concerning the nature of the danger we face. We cannot confront and defeat an enemy we do not understand. And time is running out.

BEN C. LIMB
Korean Representative
to the United Nations

A POINT OF HISTORY

To the Editor: The fourth paragraph of Bogdan Raditsa's article on Turkey (*The Reporter,* January 19) implies that the British set the Greeks on the Turks for the sake of sport—foxhunting in the Balkan fashion. This is a gross misrepresentation.

The Greeks had been on the winning side and the Turks on the losing in a war in which the Turks had shown few qualms about ill-treating Christians. Early in 1919 the Greeks landed troops in Smyrna to protect the many Greek nationals living in Asia Minor. The Government of Mustapha Kemal had already resolved to throw them out when the Treaty of Sèvres was concluded by the Allies in August, 1920, with the Sultan's Government in Constantinople. This treaty gave Greece Smyrna and part of the hinterland. It is hardly surprising that Greek troops fought in the ensuing war and were supported by the Allies. France gave less support than Britain because this was a time when the two countries were not on the best of terms.

The force in Constantinople was an international force of the occupying Allies; the Dardanelles had been made international and an International Commission had been appointed under the Treaty. Admittedly, the French element were told not to oppose the Turks when they arrived before Constantinople, but they were there and so were Italians.

Sèvres may have been a bad treaty made with a bad monarch, but I don't think that is any excuse for misrepresenting the circumstances of its attempted enforcement.

T. P. REX
Washington

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The President's Second Year

THERE IS no need to look at the opinion polls to realize how popular the President still is. In fact, his hold on the people's minds does not lend itself to quantitative measurement. There are certainly those who hate him bitterly—most of them in his own party. But no Eisenhower hater finds it safe as yet to pillory That Man, and no Eisenhower opponent finds it pleasant to criticize the President. Enmity toward him is disguised as limited opposition on specific issues, and genuine opposition is tempered by regret. Having frequently criticized him, we know whereof we speak.

At times, when his radiance seems entirely spent, he says something that shows it glowing again in all its splendor, as if the batteries were suddenly recharged. Then the nation and the whole civilized world rally around him with hope and purposefulness. Unquestionably, there is something durable, massive, about this man, something so likable that it withstood even the "I Like Ike" yowling of the campaign.

The man elected to the highest political office in the land has been undergoing his political education in public and showing with reckless candor his limited knowledge of public issues, the groping of his mental processes, the reluctance to make use of the power that is his. In the case of any other President, this well-publicized ignorance and inadequacy might have alarmed the nation. In the case of Eisenhower, the fact that he knew so little has endeared him to the people—and for reasons that certainly have nothing to do with public-relations contrivances.

For there is an extraordinary likeness between the President and the nation's mood at this particular time of our history. Like the President, the nation is somewhat dazzled by the power it is burdened with, and by the decisiveness of its impact on the rest of the world. The nation did not seek leadership in the international community. Things just happened—hard, upsetting things that our people were called upon to cope with. They did it bravely and imaginatively. Extraordinary things happened to Ike Eisenhower, too, who found himself—the onetime Kansas farm boy—Supreme Commander in the greatest war the nation had ever undertaken. The President mirrors the nation.

GENERAL EISENHOWER became a national political figure—or let himself be made into one—because he wanted to safeguard the inter-Allied unity that he had maintained as Supreme Commander in Europe during the war and later as head of NATO. But to save what he knew the future of America demanded, he brought into the political arena the partisan prejudices of his youth: timeworn but still deeply felt tenets he had nursed during his many years of soldiering.

No one can question General Eisenhower's idealism, even if his unbookish outlook makes him ill at ease whenever he has to deal with specific ideas. There can be no doubt as to his belief in the responsibility of the individual, even if he is reluctant to enter into personal controversies. When he went into politics, the vague nature of his beliefs was largely compensated for by his physical presence, as in some plays the half-sketched nature of a plot is compensated for by the physical presence of the actors.

In the nation too, after twenty years of reforms and wars there is a yearning to settle down and do some reckoning. For years, the intellectual climate of the country has nurtured the co-existence of wholesale idealism and noncommital pragmatism. These traits could not find their reflection in a man of more remarkable achievement or more genuine goodness.

Yet the moments have come—not frequently, but they have come—when the President has undertaken not only to mirror but to lead the nation. There are some subjects which stir him deeply. Invariably, they have to do not with the Abilene boy but with the man who twice led in Europe. Toward the beginning of his second year in office, the President discovered the Presidency when he decided to put up a fight against the Bricker amendment.

In this fight his real and stanch supporters were not among majority leaders or in the bipartisan conservative coalition that had been concocting some type of amendment acceptable to Senator Bricker. Actually, the only ones who stood pat for him were ten liberal Democrats and the lone Senatorial D. P.

WILL THE President realize—and before it is too late—that the attack made by the Bricker forces on the Constitution is only part of a wider plan? Senator Jenner had a name for this plan: the Republican revolution. Will the conservatism carried over from the Abilene boyhood drag the President along with that revolution and make him its first victim? Or will he undertake to lead the nation in the toughest fight of his life? There is no man who is so much in need of friends—real, therefore critical friends—as the President today. When we think of the years that are ahead of him, the people he is mixed up with, we feel that to an equal extent he is in need of prayers.

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What Happens to a

Victim of Nameless Accusers

ANTHONY LEWIS

Introductory Note: This is an actual case. Names of all persons in the story except the lawyer, Joseph Fanelli, have been changed because the case is not closed. But the writer has had full access to Mr. Fanelli's records, and all quotations from official statements are exact.

On July 29, 1953, Bernard Goldsmith was living what most Americans would regard as a life of exceptional economic and psychological security. He had been in the same government agency since 1931, working up from a clerk's job at $1,440 a year to the directorship of a staff of sixty-three people and a salary of $8,360. He made a little extra money practicing law in his spare time. He had twice been commended by his agency for exceptional service and had recently suggested and carried out an office reorganization expected to save the government many thousands of dollars.

He was buying a home in Parkview, a housing development that had been built by the government in a Maryland suburb and later sold to a residents' corporation that Goldsmith served as general counsel. He was, or had been, president of the Parkview Citizens' Association and Parent-Teacher Association, and a director of the Lions Club. His wife was chairman of the Parkview Community Chest drive and a leader in Jewish and nonsectarian charity organizations. His fourteen-year-old daughter had just won a county-wide contest for an essay on Independence Day. ("The town I live in, like most, has a gala Independence Day program every July Fourth. As I stand listening to the speeches, there is a glow in my heart because I am an American.") She was awarded a $25 defense bond and her picture was printed in a Washington paper.

Half an hour before quitting time on July 29, 1953, Goldsmith and his assistant, Sam Rosen, were asked to go to the personnel director's office. Goldsmith, who was called first, thought he knew what it was about. Rosen was moving to California. His resignation had already been accepted, but he had agreed to stay

on a few weeks so Goldsmith could take a scheduled vacation. Presumably the personnel director wanted to talk about Rosen's replacement.

When Goldsmith walked in, his own immediate superior was sitting in the office with the personnel director. The latter handed some papers to him. They were three letters, all dated July 29. The first began:

"Subject: Removal from duty—proposed.

"This is notice of proposed adverse action against you. The action contemplated is removal from duty, based upon information available which reflects upon your suitability as an employe from the viewpoint of security. Accordingly, it is proposed to remove you . . . in the interests of National Security, based on the following charges. . . ."

There were eight numbered charges. The broadest, and gravest, accused Goldsmith of being part of a "radical" group at Parkview. The others accused him of attending a meeting, subscribing to a paper, and joining an organization more than ten years earlier, and of associating with persons suspected of Communist leanings, some of whom Goldsmith recognized as Parkview residents or law clients of his and others whose names he did not recognize at all.

The second letter said:

"In view of the action contemplated, your access to any classified materials is hereby terminated . . ."

The third letter referred to the other two:

"Reference (a) advised you of your proposed separation . . . Reference (b) deprived you of the right of access to any classified materials. . . . The purpose of this letter is to advise you that in the further interest of National Security . . . you are suspended from duty at 0815 on 30 July 1953. Before leaving the premises on 29 July 1953 you will deliver your identification badge and pass to the Badge Office, Room 105."

The Accused

Goldsmith is forty-three, a small man with a small brown mustache and gray-streaked hair. He looks tired. Goldsmith's wife Alice, forty-two, is slight and pert, with rosy cheeks, black hair pulled back. They have four children.

Like most of the families in Parkview, they have a two-story row apartment. The furniture in their

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living room is old-fashioned, overstuffed, a little lumpy. There are artificial logs in the fireplace and a small-screen television set in the corner. The only books visible in their living room are *Alice in Wonderland* and twenty-four volumes of the Harvard Classics.

Goldsmith is a registered Democrat who often votes for Republicans—or, as he later told a reporter, "At least I used to. I voted for John Marshall Butler in 1950 against Tydings. We got a postcard that seemed to be handwritten by Butler. So I thought, if the guy is thoughtful enough to send me a card I'll vote for him."

Mrs. Goldsmith's reaction to the accusation against her husband was: "If someone had told him about it ten minutes before it happened, he'd have bet ten years' salary—that's how sure he was that such a thing couldn't happen in this country. Especially when you've lived the kind of life we have.

"Our son—when he was three he used to recite the Gettysburg Address. When a dentist wanted to take four of his teeth out, we wouldn't permit it until the dentist made sure it wouldn't keep him out of Annapolis or West Point. The children always march in parades. . . ."

Goldsmith tried to recall July 29 in the personnel office. "When I finished reading the letters, I told them the charges were absolutely false and I could prove it readily. I remember I said: 'If it's taken this agency twenty-three years to decide I'm a security risk, God help it.'

"When I walked out of the office, I still didn't realize I was suspended right away. I used to be a member of our own loyalty board under the old system, and we never did anything like that." (Under policy followed in the Truman Administration, agencies could suspend an accused man or not, depending on the charges and the sensitivity of his job. Under the new security program anyone accused must be suspended immediately.)

"Back in my own office I sat down and read the letters again," Goldsmith said. "I realized I was suspended and had to turn in my badge. I walked over to the security office and turned it in. As I walked back, Rosen came out of the personnel director's office. He was crying. I didn't need to ask him what had happened.

"I started to clean out my desk—you know, I had some personal files. Then I suddenly realized--here I am, supposedly a security risk. So I went to my superior and said: 'Please look over these papers I'm going to take with me.' He said that wouldn't be necessary, but I could see he was worried. I insisted, and he looked at them." Goldsmith left the office.

"On the way home all I could think was: 'How am I going to tell my wife?' I was thankful the two older children weren't home—they were up in Worcester with my sister-in-law. They're very impressionable . . .

"I had decided to eat dinner and wait. But as soon as Alice looked at me . . ."

Mrs. Goldsmith told the reporter: "I said, 'What happened? Is everyone all right?' "

And Goldsmith replied, "I've been suspended."

"I think you said something about 'security risk' and I couldn't believe it. Then I think you handed me the papers."

"I can't tell you exactly what happened for the next four days," Goldsmith continued. "We didn't eat. We stayed up all night talking. I think I lost nine or ten pounds."

"We drew the blinds and locked the doors," Mrs. Goldsmith said, "and it was a hot summer. When we finally went over to my sister's place and told her—it's funny looking back. You won't understand, but we closed the doors and took her in a small room."

GOLDSMITH'S sixty-three staff members were told that he had been suspended and that security was involved—no more. A girl in Goldsmith's office telephoned him and told him there was a rumor that his brother was a top Communist. Goldsmith doesn't have a brother.

News of his suspension spread around Parkview. A woman who plays mah-jongg with Mrs. Goldsmith telephoned and said a man in Washington had told a friend of hers that Goldsmith and Rosen had been "picked up on espionage."

Someone tipped off the *Times-Herald*, Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Washington newspaper. A reporter called Goldsmith and said he might as well talk freely about the case because the story would be printed anyway. Goldsmith did not talk. No such story ever appeared in the *Times-Herald*.

A Few of the Boys

Parkview Housing, Inc., which had bought the development from the government, was on Goldsmith's mind. He was its lawyer, and Rosen had formerly served as president. Both had been leading supporters of the decision to set up the corporation and buy the houses, and it was a controversial decision.

The government had been trying to sell Parkview for years. Goldsmith and the majority of residents felt they would be better off buying the development themselves than letting it go to an outside real-estate firm. But a minority group of low-income families who had been given low rents had hoped no one would buy Parkview and the government would have to stay on as landlord.

At the end of 1952 the sale had been completed. Parkview Housing had given every resident a year to decide whether he wanted to buy his home. The end of that year was approaching and some of the minority were bitter because they were going to have to move out and also because Parkview Housing had had to raise rents.

Goldsmith felt vaguely that somehow the housing fight might have had something to do with the security charges against him and Rosen. He was also afraid that their suspension might get Parkview Housing in trouble.

"I felt in all fairness I should notify Bob Chase, the president," Goldsmith said. "I didn't want to see him alone because he works for the government and I thought he might be accused of something—it was crazy, I know. We asked him and his wife to come over, and again we locked the doors. I told him, 'If you think this will embarrass you in any way . . .' "

Chase and the board of Parkview Housing gave Goldsmith a formal vote of confidence. A few days later the corporation held a farewell party for Rosen, who had decided to make his planned move to California and

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attempt to clear his name from there.

"It was our first public appearance," Mrs. Goldsmith said. "There was a terrible storm, and we were late. Before we got to the hall a gang came up and called Rosen a dirty Jew and a Communist."

GOLDSMITH found out later what had happened.

"Sixteen of the minority who hadn't joined Parkview Housing were up in the American Legion hall drinking. It wasn't an official Legion meeting—I want to make that clear—they just sell beer there. The sixteen got pretty drunk, and they thought maybe if they attacked the party they could break up Parkview Housing and stay in their apartments.

"They called all the newspapers and the state and county police and said there was going to be a riot—they were going to break up a Communist meeting. They got into three cars, but because of the storm only one ever got to the hall. Luckily the Parkview police chief was there. He refused to arrest them. They wanted to be arrested so it would get in the papers."

Moral Support

During the black first days after he was suspended Goldsmith wanted religious help. His rabbi is a government chaplain, and Goldsmith was afraid of getting him in trouble, so he called the minister of Parkview's Protestant church.

"The minister came over here and talked with us one night until about three in the morning," Goldsmith said. "To show you how wonderful he was—he was leaving on a trip, and he gave me an itinerary so we could call him wherever he was and he would come back if we needed him. He gave us back our faith in people. He said it wasn't just our fight, it was everybody's fight."

People began calling and offering to help—friends, employees in Goldsmith's office, people they hardly knew. There were 250 telephone calls from Parkview residents alone.

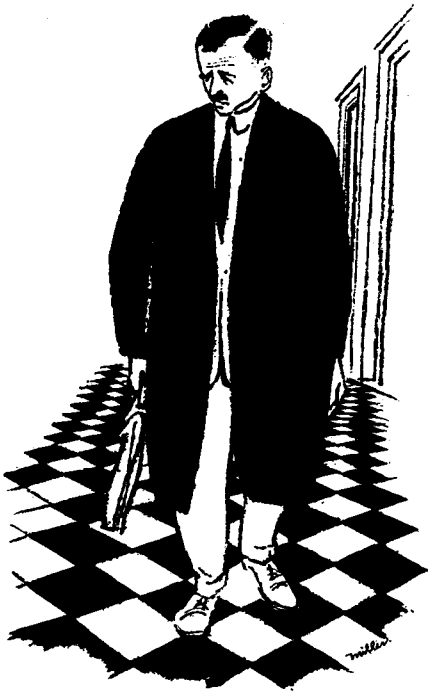
"That's the one wonderful part of this," Goldsmith said. "You find out for the first time in your life what people think of you. You know, you could go through a lifetime and never know who your friends are. In that way we're fortunate.

"We were afraid people would think of themselves, but most of them didn't. I mean especially the ones in the government, people who knew if I were not cleared, their jobs would be in jeopardy.

"A delegation came over from the office with ice cream and cake and candy and wanted to know what they could do. When I warned them they might be jeopardizing their jobs, they said they had confidence in me."

Mrs. Goldsmith said men from the office kept dropping in.

"One man said to me: 'All that I am today I owe to Bernie Goldsmith.' Another wanted to know if his wife couldn't cook for us, and if they couldn't take the little children off our hands."



A neighbor who had fled Czechoslovakia when the Nazis came asked Goldsmith whether the United States was going to follow the path of the Nazis and Communists. Goldsmith said "No." Another neighbor said he knew someone who knew Senator McCarthy and was willing to put in a good word. Goldsmith declined with thanks because, he said, he did not want to use political influence.

"Another friend got me aside and said: 'Bernie, I just got a $2,500 check. I want to turn it over to you. Don't worry about paying me back—just give me some when you can.' He pulled out the check, but I wouldn't take it. I guess if I had taken all the money I was offered, we could have gone down to Florida and retired."

MONEY WAS the first problem Goldsmith had to tackle once he had decided he would fight for his job and his name. He had sixty days' leave coming, so he thought he would be paid for that long anyway.

"I called one of the men at the office and said: 'I just wanted to check and be sure I'll be paid during my annual leave.' Immediately he started hemming and hawing, and I realized he was even afraid to talk with me because he thought I might be a spy or something. Then finally he said he'd check and I should call back. He didn't want anyone to say he'd called me. In the end I had to call the personnel man, and he said they could not give me the annual leave. I asked him what people do about eating while they're fighting these charges. He said something to the effect of 'That's not our problem, it's yours.' "

Mrs. Goldsmith's parents and two brothers offered to support the family so Goldsmith could press his appeal without looking for other work, and he accepted that offer.

The next problem was to find a lawyer.

"I didn't know what lawyers handled these cases," Goldsmith said, "but I called a friend and got some suggestions.

"The first man said I was a guinea pig for the new security program and it certainly looked like an interesting case. He said since I was a lawyer he'd give me a break on fees—five hundred down and forty dollars an hour. I told him it would take a while for me to find the down payment, and then he said he made it a policy never to get into a case at all until he gets the down payment.

"The second lawyer wanted five hundred down, half immediately, and twenty-five an hour if I did a lot of the work myself. He was willing to put a ceiling of two thousand on the fee. Something could have been worked out, but we still weren't sure he was the right guy. After all, it wasn't only the money, it was our life."

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The third man Goldsmith saw was Joseph Fanelli, a nervous, forceful attorney who had handled some cases under the old loyalty system, and Goldsmith took only a few minutes to hire him. Fanelli's fee was thirty dollars an hour, with a maximum of one thousand dollars and no down payment.

Under the Eisenhower security regulations Goldsmith had thirty days to file a formal answer to the charges. His department could clear him on the basis of the answer alone, but Fanelli realized that was unlikely. (The department never mentioned this possibility, as it turned out.) Then Goldsmith had the right to appeal in person at a hearing before a board of three men drawn from other branches of his department. Finally, he was permitted to file friends' character affidavits with the hearing board.

Fanelli and Goldsmith finished the formal answer to charges August 20.

Bill of Particulars

These were the written charges against Bernard Goldsmith, and the answers:

¶"You have associated for a considerable time with persons who are known Communists. Among others, this association applies to Abner and Doris A_____, and Henry and Grace B_____."

Goldsmith answered: "I have never associated in any way with any known Communist . . . Communist sympathizer, radical, or any kind of pink.

"I do not know Henry and Grace B_____ at all. An old Parkview residential listing indicates that Henry B_____ lived in Parkview prior to 1949. I think that I have heard he is a chemist. Beyond that I know nothing of him or Grace B_____, who I assume is his wife.

"There is an Abner A_____ who lives in Parkview. He called at my home on just one occasion late in 1951. As a lawyer I had just filed a slander suit against Parkview Services, Inc., in behalf of a man formerly employed by this company. Mr. A_____ was a director of Parkview Services, and he came to ask me something about the suit.

"The foregoing is the full extent of my acquaintance with Abner A_____. I do not know any Doris A_____. I assume she is Abner A_____'s wife."

¶"You have been an associate of one David C_____, who has been described as having Communistic tendencies, and it is of record that his wife signed Communist nominating petitions during 1939. Mr. C_____ was formerly employed in your department and resigned while under investigation relative to his status as a security risk."

Goldsmith's written answer said that C_____ was a director of Parkview Housing, that he had seen C_____ at meetings but had never been to his home, that he had been C_____'s lawyer in the attempted purchase of a delicatessen, and that he had nothing to do with C_____'s working for his department and had in fact denied C_____ a job in his own office because he was unqualified.

¶"There is a record of your attending a meeting at which donations were required for the United American Spanish Aid Committee, which is on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. You solicited and requested other individuals to attend the meeting."

Goldsmith answered: "Prior to receipt of the charges I had never heard of this committee. My counsel informs me that the organization had something to do with the Spanish Loyalists.

"I have never attended a meeting at which donations were required. I have never solicited or requested anyone to attend a meeting concerned with aid to Loyalist Spain.

"Sometime after we moved to Parkview in 1939 my wife and I were invited to a party. As new residents we were glad to go. Many Parkview residents were there, including the Mayor. The party was social. However, games (in the nature of quizzes) were played. They cost twenty-five cents or maybe fifty cents, with a small prize for the winner. My recollection is that I was told the money made was to go to Spanish war orphans. My wife remembers it as in aid of Loyalist refugees in general. I had no interest in the Spanish Loyalists, although like many Americans my sympathies at the time were in their favor on the understanding that they were democrats fighting a dictator. I probably played in one or two games at a probable cost of fifty cents."

¶"You were at one time a subscriber to the Communist newsletter *In Fact,* and you were a subscriber after this publication had been exposed by the press as expressing the view of the Communist party."

"Twelve or thirteen years ago," Goldsmith answered, "someone asked me to join in a group subscription to *In Fact.* As I recall it, I gave the solicitor fifty cents which was to be for one year.

"I looked at the first few issues which came in my mail. There was nothing to indicate to me that it was a Communist sheet. But I thought it sensational, badly written and unreliable. I have subscribed to *Time* magazine for twenty years. The facts of a story printed in *Time* would be so distorted in *In Fact* as to be hardly recognizable. I did not look at it after the first few issues.

"I have never seen any exposure of *In Fact* in the press. I have no reason to doubt that it was exposed, but I missed it, as I am likely to miss anything in the daily press which is not a main headline, or in the sports and comic sections.

"At this time I subscribe to the Washington *Post, Coronet* and *Time* magazine. Fairly regularly I buy the *Saturday Evening Post, Life, Pageant, Reader's Digest,* the Washington *Daily News* and the Washington *Times-Herald. . . .*"

¶"It is also of record that you at one time were a member of the National Lawyers Guild, an organization cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist organization."

Goldsmith replied that he had studied law at night in the early years of his present employment, passed his bar examinations, and then, about 1939 or 1940, had looked for a higher-paying legal job among other Federal agencies.

"At one of them," he said, "and I do not remember which, the General Counsel interviewed me. He told me that he was a member of the National Lawyers Guild and so were practically all the top lawyers in the Government. I inferred that I would not be seriously considered for a legal position unless I filled in an application for membership, which he handed me. I filled in the ap-

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plication then and there and paid him, to the best of my recollection, a dollar, which was the only bill I had with me. I did not get the job.

"That is the complete extent of my connection with the National Lawyers Guild. I never had any interest in it, never went to a meeting and do not know now whether the organization is still in existence."

¶"One Roger Hiram D_____ is known to have been a regular associate of yours, and it is of record that he was the editor of the *Gazette* [Parkview newspaper] at a time when you and Mrs. Goldsmith were listed as members of the staff of this newspaper as of May, 1940. The *Gazette* was listed as a member of the Washington Bookshop Association . . ."

Goldsmith located D_____, who had moved out of Parkview years ago, and he filed an affidavit commenting on this charge. D_____ said he was himself a Federal employee and had been cleared many times. He described the *Gazette* when he edited it (without pay) as a hand-to-mouth weekly carrying only local Parkview news and said he could not understand how it could have belonged to a "bookshop association." The Goldsmiths had done a little amateur writing for the paper, he said.

Goldsmith attached six issues of the *Gazette* to his formal answer and said he had never heard of the Washington Bookshop Association.

¶"It has been reported that a list of names found on your desk during October, 1952, contained the following, who either are known Communists or suspected of having Communistic tendencies:

"a. Arthur E_____, who was a Chief Defense Attorney in the *Amerasia* case.

"b. Irving F_____, a known Communist and subscriber to the *Morning Freiheit.*"

Goldsmith began his answer by noting that the only places on his desk where those two names had ever been listed were his personal telephone book and a scratch-paper strip which wound up on a roller after use. (Presumably, some investigator must have unrolled the strip, taken down all the names on it and in the book, and then checked every name for possible subversive connections. At Fanelli's suggestion Goldsmith unrolled the strip himself one day and counted 407 names on that and in the book.)

As to Arthur E_____, Goldsmith said he had met him only once—and then as opposing counsel in a lawsuit. Goldsmith said he "would not have known whether E_____ was connected with the *Amerasia* case, which to the best of my scanty recollection was concerned with exports."

A Lawyer and His Clients

Fanelli also knew E_____, a respected member of the Washington bar who specializes in business cases, and he decided he ought to tell E_____ about the reference to him. E_____ then filed an affidavit:

"For Mr. Goldsmith's sake, I want to make it clear that my only acquaintance with him was one conference and several telephone calls relating to a libel suit which his client had brought against mine.

"For the sake of my own reputation, I wish to take this occasion to recite the facts of my relationship with the *Amerasia* case.

"By the very nature of his profession a lawyer represents all kinds of people. When he defends a Nazi, a Red, a thief or a murderer, he does not thereby become himself a Nazi, Red, thief or murderer . . . While it is true that I represented Philip Jaffe, the former editor of *Amerasia* Magazine, who has been accused of being a Communist, I have also represented a client who admitted having once been a member of the National Socialist party. Fortunately, from a financial standpoint, most of my clients have been just ordinary prosperous American businessmen, mostly Republicans.

"Mr. Jaffe's attorneys were a leading New York law firm one of whose partners is a former chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. They needed local counsel because the indictment against Mr. Jaffe had been brought in the District of Columbia. They retained me for this limited local representation. I entered a plea of guilty for Mr. Jaffe in open court. To the best of my knowledge I have never seen him since that day, in 1945.

"I should be pleased if my sworn statements herein can be transmitted to the investigative and security agencies whose correct reporting of a simple and admitted fact led to the absurd non sequitur identifying me with persons 'who are known Communists or suspected of having Communistic tendencies.' "

As to Irving F_____, Goldsmith's written answer said:

"On one occasion in 1947 I represented Irving F_____ in the purchase of a grocery. He retained me on the recommendation of my brother-in-law, who was a grocer himself and knew F_____ from school days.

"Since the purchase of the store I have not seen F_____. However, I have had some indication of his views through one trying incident in the spring of 1950. My brother-in-law was at my home to celebrate my son's Bar Mitzvah [confirmation in the Jewish faith]. He got a phone call from F_____ and told me F_____ was dropping by the house to say hello to him.

"My brother-in-law then volunteered that he had had an argument with F_____ some months previously in which F_____ had talked like a Communist. Although I disliked being ungracious, I wanted no part of a possible Communist. I told my brother-in-law that I would not have F_____ in the house. My wife put chairs in the yard, and F_____ visited with my brother-in-law there while I remained in the house.

"Since then my brother-in-law has told me he became convinced of F_____'s Commie views and is no longer on speaking terms with him. It seems to me, although I am not sure, that I have heard of the *Morning Freiheit* as a Jewish-language newspaper. I have never seen it and know nothing of it."

¶"Several reliable informants have described you as a leader and very active in a radical group in Parkview, Md. Included in this group are those described as ever willing to defend Communism in any discussion of ideology which may occur."

"I am not and never have been," Goldsmith wrote, "a leader or member of any kind of radical group in Parkview or elsewhere. I have not

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and would not associate with anyone I knew to be disloyal to my country. I have never heard anyone defend Communism in my presence. No one has ever wanted to or dared."

GOLDSMITH described at length the battle over the sale of Parkview. He pointed out that he was on the conservative side, against continued government ownership. He said he had publicly favored a proposal adopted by Parkview Housing in 1952 requiring every one of the more than one thousand members to take a loyalty oath. (Several affidavits attested to this.) Goldsmith suggested that the broadest charge—and the entire case against him—had been inspired somehow by "disappointed and warm tempered members of the minority."

"The charges have shocked and hurt me," his answer concluded. "My entire life, and the training of my children, have been devoted to the principles of good citizenship and good Americanism. I was active in the Boy Scouts from the age of eleven on. I was trusted and respected in high school, as shown by the positions I held as class treasurer, editor of the school magazine and member of the student council. I have been told on numerous occasions that I am trusted and respected. Members of the American Legion have told me they wish I were eligible to join.

"So I have been dependable and have lived a life loyal to God, to my country, to my family and to my community. That life should speak for me now in elimination of any possible stain of being considered disloyal or a security risk."

Any References?

Fanelli wanted Goldsmith to get affidavits covering his whole adult life.

"Go right back as far as you can," he said. "We want to show you've never had any Communist affiliations."

Mrs. Goldsmith did most of the work of asking people for the affidavits.

"That was one of the hard things," she said—"to write or call someone you hadn't seen in years and tell him Bernie was one of those people, a security risk. You couldn't go into long explanations about how he was innocent, you know. I told people: 'All we want to know is what you thought of Bernie when you knew him.' "

Sometimes there were refusals. A fellow employee Goldsmith had gone out of his way to help said he "didn't want to get mixed up in it." A friend at Parkview was afraid because he was a member of the Naval Reserve. One of his closest associates at the

office, Goldsmith said, "suddenly was a cold stranger. He wanted to buy back his introduction."

But those were the exceptions. Goldsmith eventually filed ninety-seven affidavits, and he would have had many more if Fanelli had not told him to stop. Many persons volunteered; some were insulted because they had not been asked.

There was one from his former scoutmaster, and one from a man who had first met Goldsmith in his father's candy store in Philadelphia. Every mayor of Parkview during the fourteen years Goldsmith had lived there, except one whom he did not ask, filed an affidavit. So did the city manager and town clerk, a banker, insurance man, minister, librarian.

One affidavit came from the president of the District of Columbia Bar Association. "We used to play ping-pong together," Goldsmith said. "I've hardly seen him in twenty years, but he didn't hesitate a minute."

Three affidavits from Parkview moved Goldsmith particularly.

"One was from a devoutly religious woman. I never knew she liked me especially. One day I met her on the street and she said: 'Bernie, if you're not cleared I'll stop believing in God.' "

The second was from a Parkview man who had opposed Goldsmith's housing plans and once had blocked a proposed increase in his lawyer's fees from Parkview Housing.

"We'd called each other names," Goldsmith said. "I never even thought of asking him. One day he called my wife and said: 'What in the hell are they trying to do to Goldsmith?' "

In his affidavit this man said that, as a Roman Catholic, he "bitterly detests atheistic and Godless" Communism. He said he had often disagreed with Goldsmith and had no particular ties of friendship. Then he said he had found Goldsmith to be "a man of honor and integrity, above reproach in his conduct, his associations and his attitude."

THE THIRD affidavit that moved Goldsmith was from his postman. When Mrs. Goldsmith asked him to write one, he said he wasn't sure, that he was certainly in favor of loyalty investigations, and that maybe a few innocent people had to get hurt.

They did not see the postman again until the following Thursday. He said he had waited for his day off, and he gave them this statement, written out by hand:

"To whom it may concern—

"I was greatly surprised when my friend Bernie Goldsmith told me he had been suspended from his job because of alleged Communistic associations. I do not believe Bernie is at all sympathetic with their cause.

"I met Bernie when his son Henry became a member of the Boy Scout Troop of which I was Assistant Scoutmaster. Bernie was always interested in Scouting and willing to help the Troop in its activities. I have been camping with Bernie. We've sat around the campfire talking with other troop leaders and fathers and in discussions he has al-

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ways impressed me as being 100% American. His son Henry is a swell Scout, and always a credit to the Troop.

"I am a postman, and am the mail carrier who delivers mail to Bernie's home. I am familiar with the type of literature the Communists mail to their sympathizers, and would have noticed if Bernie had received any measure of such literature, and I cannot recall his receiving any at all.

"With all the love in his heart for his family, his God and America, I know there could be no room for communism.

"For your information here is a brief outline of my own history:

"I am a U.S. citizen—born in Grady Hospital, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 8th, 1916.

"Age—37.

"Color—White.

"Religion—Protestant.

"Served two years in Army in World War II."

The Evidence Is Weighed

The hearing began on the Goldsmiths' twentieth wedding anniversary—September 21, 1953. It lasted three days.

Security regulations provided that a record of all hearings must be kept and made available to the accused party, but Goldsmith has never seen the record of his hearing. It was taken on a tape recorder that kept breaking down. The chairman later told Fanelli the record was very garbled, and they'd rather not supply it.

As Fanelli and Goldsmith remember the hearing, three aspects of it stand out:

The government produced no witnesses to support the general accusation.

Very little time was spent on the specific written charges.

Most of the time was taken up with discussion of Parkview and of some new names which the government suddenly introduced.

The hearing was held in the conference room of the building where Goldsmith had worked. The three members of the hearing board were government employees—quite high-ranking ones—from another agency of Goldsmith's department. A woman lawyer from Goldsmith's own agency was legal officer for the board; she acted, Goldsmith and Fanelli soon discovered, as an able prosecutor.

The first day was taken up by the five witnesses Fanelli had decided to call, friends and associates of Goldsmith. Fanelli examined each briefly on his opinion of the accused. Then the legal officer tried to impeach the testimony. She asked many questions about Parkview, bringing up names of residents hitherto unmentioned and asking the witness:

"Do you know _____? What do you think about him? Does Mr. Goldsmith know him?"

Most of the names mentioned were those of persons neither Goldsmith nor the witnesses knew or cared for particularly. The Parkview police chief was called and asked to give the names of residents he suspected of being Communists. If he knew any, he answered, he would give them to the FBI.

On the second day Fanelli laboriously entered exhibits—affidavits, copies of the *Gazette*, Goldsmith's high-school yearbook. ("Gee, I hope I get it back. We asked . . .")

At the end of the second day Goldsmith took the stand and answered a few questions by Fanelli. The next day the legal officer cross-examined. By then she had mellowed some, Goldsmith said, and seemed almost friendly. She asked him about the Parkview Housing Board, how often it had met, what the members talked about. And she asked him about his relations with the persons whose names had been brought in during the hearing and whether he thought they were "radical."

When Goldsmith left the stand, the government called as its first witnesses some of his official associates. They were asked their opinion of Goldsmith, and all but one unqualifiedly praised him. The exception was cautious—so cautious that the lawyer and the members of the hearing board eventually gave up trying to question him. Fanelli then asked the man: "Do you think Mr. Goldsmith became more of a security risk as a result of his meeting certain people in his civic activities at Parkview?"

The witness paused, thought, hesitated, and finally said "Yes."

"How long have you worked with Mr. Goldsmith?" Fanelli asked.

"Perhaps a year."

"After associating with Mr. Goldsmith for a year and a half," Fanelli asked, "do you think you are more of a security risk than you were before you met him?"

The witness sat in silence until at last the chairman of the board asked Fanelli whether he would insist on an answer to that question. Fanelli said "No," and the witness said he would rather not answer. He was dismissed.

AT THE very end of the hearing Goldsmith got a clue to the source of his agony.

The legal officer called as witnesses two Parkview residents who had given Goldsmith affidavits, the town clerk and his insurance agent. Each was offered the choice of appearing in front of Goldsmith or in secret. Both chose to appear before him.

The legal officer asked each his opinion of Goldsmith, and each said it was good. Then she asked, "Didn't an investigator visit you and talk to you about Goldsmith?" Each said "Yes." "And didn't you say he had associated with suspicious persons?" The witnesses said, "Certainly not." "Are you sure?" the legal officer asked. The witnesses said they knew they were under oath, and they were sure.

Then the town clerk volunteered a statement which Goldsmith remembered this way:

"The investigator who saw me was a young man who took no notes at all the whole time we were talking. He seemed to be trying to get me to say that Mr. Goldsmith was associated with some of these people you listed. But I told him just what I told you—that I would not mention Mr. Goldsmith in the same breath with them."

Goldsmith said the members of the hearing board looked surprised.

The legal officer asked Goldsmith if he had any idea who at Parkview might have brought the charges against him. Goldsmith named a few names—members of the minority in the housing dispute—and he got the impression there was a look of recognition on his interrogator's face.

THREE WEEKS later the chairman of the board telephoned Fanelli.

"How would you bet we decided?" he asked.

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Fanelli said: "I can't conceive of anything but a clearance."

"That's how we felt," the chairman said. "The decision is ready for mailing. Should it go to you?"

On October 9 the hearing board sent Goldsmith a copy of its memorandum on the written charges against him:

¶"The evidence did not establish to any degree of certainty that Mr. Goldsmith was associated with Abner and Doris A_____ and Henry and Grace B_____.

¶"There was evidence that David C_____ was a resident of Parkview and fairly well known to the residents of that community. Opinions of him varied. Mr. Goldsmith's association with Mr. C_____, if any association did exist, was only in connection with civic enterprises and professionally as an attorney.

¶"The evidence establishes that Mr. Goldsmith was present at a social party sometime during the year 1941. This function was attended by many residents of Parkview, some of whom were reputed to have 'radical' and 'left-wing' tendencies and others whose reputation in the community was unquestioned. It was established that money was raised at this affair for the support of some Spanish relief organization, the exact name of which is not clear. The United Spanish Aid Committee, which allegedly was the recipient, was not placed on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations until eight (8) years after the party.

¶"The evidence established that Mr. Goldsmith did subscribe to a publication known as *In Fact* some twelve (12) years ago. There is evidence to indicate that he never renewed his subscription. The evidence does not show that the publishers of this periodical appear on the Attorney General's list.

¶"The evidence establishes that in 1939 Mr. Goldsmith became a member of the National Lawyers Guild for one (1) year. At that time lawyers of national prominence were members and contributed articles to the quarterly published by the organization. There is no evidence that the National Lawyers Guild was considered a subversive organization when Mr. Goldsmith was a member.

¶"Mr. Goldsmith, as well as his wife, were connected in some minor capacity with the Parkview Gazette. His connection, like others, was on a voluntary basis. Copies of this newspaper which were received in evidence and perused by the Board failed to reveal 'radical' or 'left-wing' tendencies. Rather, these issues reflected an account of the activities of a small town. No competent evidence was produced to establish that the Gazette was ever a member of the 'Washington Bookshop Association.'

¶"The evidence indicates that Mr. Goldsmith's association with Arthur E_____ and Irving F_____ was solely in connection with isolated legal matters.

¶"There is a lack of credible evidence to establish that Mr. Goldsmith was a leader of or active in radical groups in Parkview. In fact, the weight of evidence points to the non-existence in Parkview of 'radical' or 'left-wing' groups, as the words are loosely used.

"The evidence reveals an enlightening and interesting insight into the operations of a cooperative city such as Parkview. Since its inception Parkview has been a subject of controversy.

"From without, it has been eyed suspiciously as a 'queer' experiment. Many believed the Government had no business starting it. The extent of the cooperative undertaking was viewed by many as something apart from conventional private enterprise. The result has been that rumor and gossip have given Parkview a 'radical' or 'leftist' reputation.

"Within, management has been characterized by frequent disagreements. The testimony shows heated disputes that often developed into personal animosities. As a result such terms as 'crackpots,' 'radicals,' 'pinkos' and 'Communists' have been bandied about loosely by disgruntled individuals.

"In this environment a civic-minded individual—whether conservative or otherwise—is bound to be exposed to criticism. In the case of Mr. Goldsmith, who took part in many activities, the testimony showed that he was, if anything, a moderating, constructive and conservative influence.

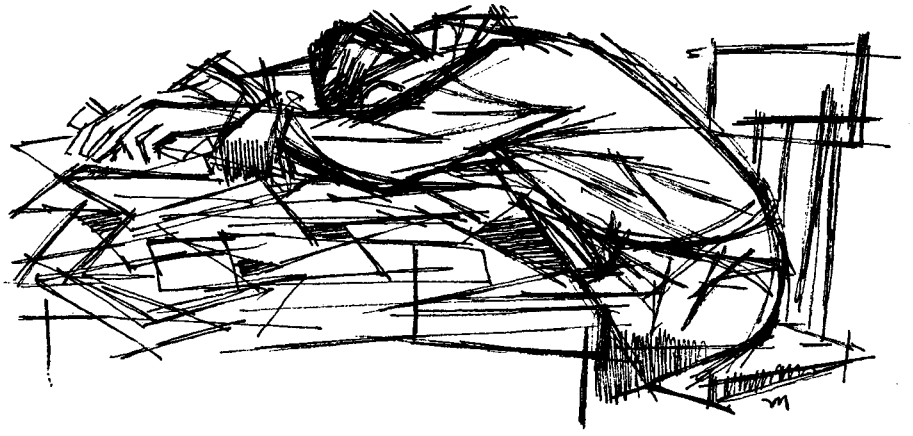
"Based on all the evidence heard by the Board and the reports of investigation furnished by the Government, the Board could reach no other conclusion but that Mr. Goldsmith's employment is clearly consistent with the interest of national security."

The Rest Is Silence

Under the Eisenhower security regulations the findings of a hearing board are just recommendations. The final decision in every case must be made by the head of the agency.

At first Goldsmith and Fanelli thought that approval of the board's recommendations would be routine. But on inquiring, Fanelli discovered that the case was before a three-man review board which had just been set up to pass on all security cases. He was told that the board would have to read every item in the record—"and it's a foot thick," an official said. He also said that Goldsmith's was the first case processed under the new security system there, so new rules had to be drafted.

Four months later, as this account went to press, Goldsmith was still suspended from his job.



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How a Lawyer Conducts a Security Case

ADAM YARMOLINSKY

THE CLASSIC story about the Federal loyalty and security programs concerns a government employee who is called into a windowless room and, in the presence of an official stenographer, is informed that derogatory information has been received about him, the nature of which cannot be revealed, but that he is free to make a statement in his own defense.

For the layman the situation has the familiar unreality of a dream sequence, unrelated to his waking life. But for the lawyer it states a very real professional problem, almost but not quite insuperable; and for the lawyer who has had any experience in the defense of loyalty cases, it remains (despite elaboration of procedures and the good intentions of the tribunal members) the simplest formulation of the essential problem involved in constructing a defense for a client whose loyalty or reliability the lawyer is seeking to establish.

LAW HAS BEEN aptly defined as the art of the relevant. Lawyers are trained to think in narrowing circles, excluding from consideration everything that does not bear directly on the matter at issue. In the trial of cases, lawyers find themselves sharply limited by rules prescribing the kinds of evidence they can introduce. Lawyers expect judges likewise to limit the considerations that affect their decisions, and their expectations are generally justified.

In the last twenty years the development of administrative proceedings and of commercial arbitration has somewhat relaxed the formal restrictive rules of relevance, but only in areas where the scope of the controversy was already limited by the special character of the issues involved. In a railroad-rate case before the Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, the judge and the opposing parties all share a common body of technical assumptions of fact.

A loyalty or security case is quite the opposite of the usual administrative proceeding. The issue is as broad as can be imagined—the suitability of an individual for public service. Many if not most of the relevant facts cannot, for security reasons, be shared with the individual or his counsel. The judges do not and cannot, for the same reasons, state the grounds of their decisions in such a way that the lawyer can trace the development of a standard from case to case. Yet the individual is afforded the opportunity to defend himself, and his counsel must make the most of that opportunity.

Remembrance of Things Past

When a client comes into a lawyer's office with a government-franked letter marked "Personal—Deliver to Addressee Only" and beginning "Information has been received reflecting adversely . . . ," the first thing the lawyer will ask the client to do (after telephoning the board or agency considering the case, to obtain an extension of time to answer the charges, because the client has waited until the last minute to do anything about them) is to sit down and tell the story of his life. He will be asked to begin with his family background, to go through his boyhood friends and interests, early schooling, all of his organizational affiliations of every kind, his employment history, travels, recreations, later friendships (and the people who dislike or disapprove of him, if he knows who they are).

The client's views—political, social, and economic—will be explored, as well as the means he has found to express these views, from casual conversation with friends to public speeches and published articles and books. He will be tested by the established shibboleths: Was he an interventionist between August, 1939, when the Russo-German pact was executed, and June 22, 1941, when Hitler invaded Russia? Or if not, did he maintain a consistently isolationist position both before and after these events? Did he condemn the Russian attack on Finland in 1940? Did he support the Truman Doctrine? The Marshall Plan? The American or the Russian proposals for the control of atomic energy? Did he welcome our intervention in Korea? Did he put any stock in the germ-warfare charges?

This exhaustive interrogation at the outset of a case is quite the reverse of a lawyer's usual procedure. Ordinarily a client who comes into the office with a simple problem has to be restrained from pouring out a tale of irrelevant woes that he mistakenly believes has some bearing on his case. But in the loyalty or security situation there are several reasons why the lawyer will broaden rather than narrow the field of initial inquiry.

IN THE FIRST place, the lawyer wants to be sure in his own mind that his prospective client is in fact a loyal American, whose trustworthiness is equal to whatever position he holds. Cases like these are difficult, time-consuming, and financially unrewarding; they have little abstract interest; and the professional experience they give has little transfer value. There is considerable net sat-

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isfaction in trying a good loyalty case; there is none in trying a bad one.

THERE ARE other reasons why a lawyer may invite his client to ramble on about his past. The specifications of charges are almost invariably so imprecise that the client's own recollections necessarily become the principal source from which to determine as nearly as possible what the board may have in mind or what lies behind the investigative reports that have been transmitted to the board. Informal discussions with the staff of the adjudicating agency will not infrequently narrow somewhat the gap between what the board knows and what it will tell the client. Sometimes the board will even request a supplementary investigatory report. But the fundamental limitations of the reporting system remain. Suppose, for instance, the "derogatory information" as stated in the letter of charges is that the person charged is said to have been in close and sympathetic association with several (unnamed) individuals known to be affiliated with subversive organizations, he may be able to recall that a college roommate whom he had lost track of later was, according to a common acquaintance, mixed up with the Wallace movement, or that he had once seen the name of an old girl of his in a newspaper account of the Waldorf Peace Conference.

The "derogatory information" may allege membership in a particular organization on the Attorney General's list, or one cited by the House Un-American Activities Committee. In this situation the client's autobiographical excursion may call to mind some purchase of benefit tickets for an innocent-sounding cause, or attendance at a meeting where names were taken and contributions collected. Either one might have got the victim on a mailing list—and from a "mailing list" to a "membership list" is a very short step indeed.

Intelligence agencies cannot in the nature of things operate with scientific accuracy, and there is a natural tendency for overworked clerks to conceal specific allegations in broadside charges. Most people's memories work by association, from the more familiar and immediate to the almost forgotten. If you ask a man, "Were you a member of a Communist organization in 1937, as it says here?," all you are likely to get is a blank stare. But if you ask, "What about that fellow with the funny haircut, the one you remembered just now used to be such a nuisance when he hung around with the kid brother of that girl you were going with, and tried to get you into arguments about politics—did he ever get you to go to a meeting with him?," you may be rewarded with an instantaneous glow of recognition from your interrogee.

THE BOARDS and agencies responsible for the administration of loyalty and security programs are probably better aware than lawyers, who have only occasional contact with the charges, that the charges tend to distort the facts to fit preconceived patterns. This awareness leads to another important reason for taking a complete life history. More and more, the responsible authorities are led to the view that it is not only the charges themselves that count, but also the fact that charges have been made. Where there is smoke there may be no fire at all, but something must still be done to dispel the smoke. The only way to do that is to create for the board a picture of a man—of his daily activities, his work, his friends, his hobbies, even his inner life—that is completely inconsistent with disloyalty.

The materials for this picture can only be gathered by putting aside the specific charges for the moment and unwinding, so to speak, an entire life history in a series of meetings between attorney and client that may bear a closer resemblance to the sessions in the office of a psychoanalyst than of an attorney. The conversations will develop naturally in a pattern of free association, one that the attorney soon learns cannot be forced without loss of essential detail since the texture of the materials is derived from a weft of incident and anecdote running through a warp of individual character traits.

Into an Unknown Land

At some point during these discussions, the lawyer and his client will have to agree on whether to go forward with the case or to abandon it. Assuming that the client firmly believes himself to be a loyal American and a good security risk and that he has convinced his lawyer as well, a number of considerations enter into the decision.

To begin with, no case is a simple one. A client with a problem outside the security area can ordinarily obtain from his lawyer a fairly confident judgment as to the legal effect of a given set of facts. Because he and his lawyer between them both know the facts of the case and the applica-

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ble rules of law, they can decide very clearly what the issues are and how difficult it will be to prove them. But where the standards are phrased in the most general terms, where there is no published body of written opinions to establish precedence, and where the facts may never be resolved to the complete satisfaction of the judges, no one can possibly estimate the difficulty in advance.

If a man's clearance is not essential to his continued livelihood, he may simply be unwilling to spend a substantial amount of time, energy, and money on proving a point that he probably feels should be self-evident, or he may be unwilling to submit himself to a standard of judgment that he rejects in principle. He will be most likely to choose this course if the alternative of honorable resignation is still open to him.

THE RELATIVE difficulty of making a case varies generally with the kind of facts that underlie the charges. A person may be under suspicion because he was once a Communist or fellow traveler; because he shares certain special attitudes or associations, innocent in themselves, with Communists or fellow travelers; or because he has been an unconscious victim of coincidence or misunderstanding. The first situation is the easiest to deal with, and those who fall into the first category are the most tractable and most anxious to rehabilitate themselves. Articulate pro-Communists who abandon their political faith generally become articulate anti-Communists. The third situation is perhaps the most difficult, because it offers so little material to take hold of, but those who find themselves in such a situation are likely to make the most reasonable clients.

The second situation is one of intermediate difficulty, but its victims are likely to be the most intransigent and rebellious clients. They deeply resent the necessity of justifying a public-spirited devotion to the cause of, say, better race relations for the irritating reason that the Communists have exploited the same cause and even taken over some of the organizations with which they may have worked. Shock and resentment at the absence of traditional procedural safeguards are the initial reactions of almost every client, but the client in this situation finds it particularly difficult to put aside his indignation, even after he has decided to seek a favorable decision within the framework of the established procedures.

'The Story of My Life'

The reconstruction of the client's past may go on for a week or more, three or four hours at a stretch, while the client talks and the lawyer takes notes, interrupting only occasionally for questions. The end product is a personal-history affidavit, the principal defense document to be submitted. The affidavit may run as long as sixty or seventy legal-size pages, and it will seldom be shorter than thirty or forty pages. If the client has received an interrogatory—a series of written questions from the board about his associations and affiliations to be answered in writing—these answers will ordinarily be separate from his personal-history affidavit. Even if separate answers are not called for on the specific charges in the case, the purely defensive material may still be submitted in a separate affidavit, in order to try to preserve intact the image intended to be conveyed by the main affidavit. For the same reason (and not only to save his own time) the lawyer may insist on his client's doing all the actual writing and rewriting that goes into the documents (if the client is even reasonably articulate), confining himself to editorial comments. The flavor of the man's own personality is difficult for the most adept ghost writer to capture.

Here again, this practice is directly opposed to the lawyer's usual procedure, which is to make all the documents as cold and factual as possible, trying to eliminate any element of subjectivity.

The lawyer's notes, which are the residue of the long hours of conversation, are not merely a check on the details of the client's autobiographical essay. They are also the first source for a list of prospective affiants to substantiate specific facts and to give background to bare assertions by means of anecdote and example. Some facts do not require proof; others can be demonstrated to be true by newspaper clippings, citations of official records, and the like. But many if not most of the key assertions can and should be supported by confirming statements from people who were clearly in a position to know and who can, if possible, add convincing details of their own observations.

A general "character affidavit" is seldom worthwhile. The blackest traitor can always find a few trusting souls who have not perceived his

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villainy, and even close acquaintanceship with the most eminent personages is no guarantee of sanctity. The example of two justices of the United States Supreme Court who testified for Alger Hiss (albeit as to his reputation rather than his character) must be frequently in the minds of loyalty and security boards.

The chief purpose of a supporting affidavit is to confirm the circumstances of a particular event or to state that during a particular period (usually a short period) the affiant was so closely associated with the person under suspicion that he knew all of that person's associations and activities, except the most casual, and he knew that none of these activities or associations were improper. A private secretary or confidential assistant, for instance, would be a perfect affiant of this kind.

One can ring the changes on this sort of substantiation: An ex-Communist or ex-fellow traveler may be available who was active in an organization mentioned in the charges and who can state that he knew everyone else who was a member at the time, that he would have known X if X had been a member, but that he has no recollection of X. There is also the possibility that if X was a member of the anti-Communist faction within the organization, the affiant may recall him as a former enemy. Or better still the affiant may recall that X was particularly violent and effective in opposing the work of the organization from the outside.

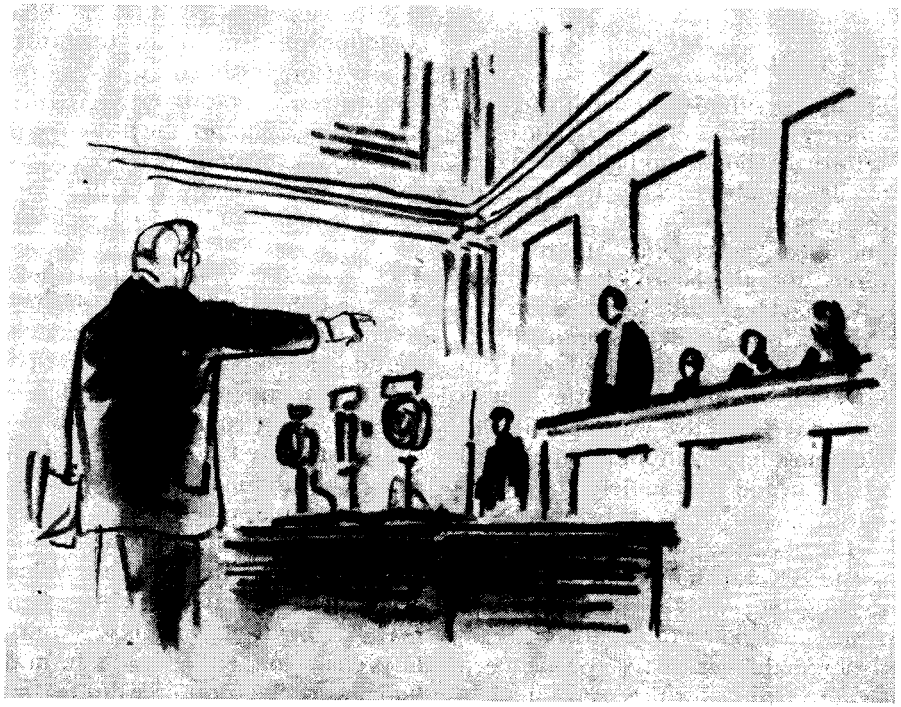
SUPPORTING affidavits need not be confined, however, to discussion of specific periods or confirmation of specific facts. Everyone has a few friends who know him well enough to recognize what manner of man he is. If any of these friends can articulate his knowledge, the result is likely to be a human document of tremendous effectiveness and emotional power.

A professional man of conservative views and temperament writing about his imaginative, impetuous younger brother, with whom he has had frequent and sometimes violent arguments over more than three decades, can make it abundantly clear that his brother's rebelliousness could never have been regimented into the unthinking conformity of the Communist fellow traveler. A former fellow student expresses in striking phrases the contempt that he and his friend both felt as scholars for the shoddy thinking and false intellectual pretenses of the Marxists they encountered on the university campus. A close personal friend recalls a skeptical attitude toward Soviet peace aims expressed to him at a time when many people were taken in by talk about easy relationships with Russia immediately after the Second World War. Each of these documents is more than an endorsement or a testimonial; it explains how and why the affiant believes as he does about the person he is describing, it illustrates its conclusions with a wealth of anecdotal detail, and it may create so real an image that the reader instinctively rejects the possibility that the subject is capable of behavior fundamentally inconsistent with this image.

THE PEOPLE who pass on loyalty and security cases necessarily approach each case with a fantastically one-sided and distorted picture of the person under suspicion, unless, that is, he is not merely a victim of Communist propaganda but actually an enemy agent. The language of the charges as drafted by security officers almost inevitably puts each isolated fact into a context of conspiracy. If, for instance, there is information to the effect that X received a letter from a left-wing organization soliciting funds, perhaps by way of buying tickets for a theater party, the information will be formulated into the allegation that X was a "contact" of the named organization. From the organization's point of view, this may well be an accurate statement. But it may be quite the reverse of the truth when seen from X's end.

These "contacts" are characteristic items in a statement of charges as received by a person under suspicion. Many board members may realize that if one goes far enough afield, it is possible to find a series of "contacts" for any individual sufficient to constitute what is always called a "pattern" of suspicious behavior. But once a "pattern" is established, the satisfactory explanation of each specific incident still leaves a certain amount of doubt. It is not enough for the accused to say to the board, "This kind of 'pattern' could be constructed for almost any individual who has led a reasonably active life." The answer is plain: "We may not believe you are guilty, but we have to be sure you are innocent." In these circumstances, a presumption of innocence can only be created by developing a pattern of contacts, beginning as far back as possible, that is manifestly inconsistent with the artificial pattern of the charges.

The "pattern" technique is an-



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other legal anomaly for the lawyer with a background in ordinary practice. He is used to having questions of fact either proved or disproved. Indeed, he is accustomed to rules of evidence that exclude material which can be made relevant only by "building an inference upon an inference." As a matter of common sense, facts in themselves can create legitimate suspicions when they all point in one direction; but as a matter of law, each fact must be proved independently before it can be used as a building block in a structure of proof.

The Trial

Following submission of all the documents in the case, there is a hearing before the board or before a panel of its members. The hearing, although quite informal, is a fairly one-sided proceeding. Only very rarely does the board offer a witness who may be cross-examined on the charges. But the defense can call its own witnesses so that the board can satisfy its doubts about the stories they have told by way of affidavit. And most important of all, the board can hear and see the defendant himself.

The hearing board will usually spend several hours on questions, dealing not only with charges already made known but also with additional charges that may have been held in reserve for this occasion. The additional charges are likely to be in the nature of elaborations on the main points in the written statement of derogatory information, and a well-prepared witness has little to fear from them if he has thoroughly reviewed the facts beforehand in the light of possible lines of inquiry.

The questioning of the board will cover general views and attitudes as well as specific activities and associations. The questions may include some of the more doubtful current gimmicks intended to separate the sheep from the goats: Should Communists be permitted to teach? What about people who refuse to answer before Congressional investigating committees? Should we recognize Red China? Should the Rosenbergs have been executed? Was Alger Hiss guilty? Are Communists still a serious threat to our internal security?

BY THE TIME the hearing is held, the defendant has been through several cycles of industriousness, optimism, gloom, and indifference. His initial reaction against the idea of an elaborate preparation for his case will be replaced temporarily by an active enthusiasm for getting through with it, only to give way to renewed depression over the amount of time and effort actually involved. Whatever latent guilt feelings the client may have will emerge in the course of preparation, either in the form of hopeless resignation or irrational resentment directed toward the board or toward his lawyer, or both. The lawyer's constant effort is to keep his client on a relatively even keel, by hard work, by periodic reassurances about the outcome, and by constant efforts, over the long lunches and dinners that lawyer and client have together, to change the subject.

A lawyer, incidentally, is likely to come out of the proceedings with a complete and intimate knowledge of his client. One practitioner, in the midst of preparing a loyalty case, observed that he ought to have studied some of the professional literature of analysis. The preparation and trial of these cases often provide graphic contradiction to the idea that the law is a dusty, bookish profession.

But no matter how much the lawyer knows about his client's case and no matter how much information he is able to get across to the board, the fact remains that neither he nor the board has any opportunity to test the case before the prosecution. Very often they don't even know who the prosecution's witnesses are. The effectiveness of cross-examination is difficult to overestimate in laying to rest persistent doubts about opposing views on any question of fact. Without cross-examination, the board encounters many difficulties in resolving its own doubts, and the burden on the defense attorney is correspondingly greater.

AFTER THE HEARING there is the waiting. Calendars of many boards are overcrowded, and the process of decision is a slow one. The lawyer may assure his client (and himself) that properly prepared cases are not lost. But this is a time of doubt and worry. When a case is in preparation, he has no time to ask himself whether the system is an unreasonable one, whether so much of the burden ought to be borne by the accused. Throughout the proceeding, he has spent considerable effort in trying to keep his client from feeling too much like a martyr, with consequent injury to morale and efficiency. But afterwards the lawyer begins to wonder, while he is catching up on the neglected routine of his practice, whether a better system could not be devised.

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Italy Is Not Lost Yet

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

THE American columnists who have recently discovered that the Communists here are on the verge of power—that Italy is as good as lost—have been given big headlines in all the Italian newspapers. The names of Roscoe Drummond (New York *Herald Tribune*) and of Henry J. Taylor (*This Week* magazine) have suddenly become quite familiar to Italian readers. The Communist press gloated over Mr. Taylor's statement that "Our Italian brothers and friends are lost as a Western ally."

BUT THE STORY that made the biggest headlines of all was James Reston's Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* of January 13: "It is understood that Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce has been authorized to advise the new Italian government [the Fanfani Government], when it is formed, that the United States does not intend to continue placing military contracts in Communist-dominated Italian factories. Rome will be urged to change what Washington regards as a 'lax' policy toward the Communists."

The official Communist paper, *Unità*, headlined the Reston story PRECISE TASKS OF ESPIONAGE ENTRUSTED TO AMBASSADOR LUCE, with the subhead AMERICAN FUNCTIONARIES WILL ARRIVE IN ITALY TO GIVE ELDERLY LADY (*anziana signora*) SPY INFORMATION ON FACTORIES. The Socialist *Avanti's* headline was ANTI-WORKER REPRESSION ASKED OF NEW GOVERNMENT, subheaded AMERICAN EMBASSY MCCARTHY AGENCY FOR WITCH HUNT IN ITALIAN INDUSTRY.

The two Italian anti-Communist trade-union federations reacted vigorously against the threat that "the United States does not intend to continue placing military contracts in Communist-dominated Italian factories." An official spokesman for the CISL (the predominantly Catholic Free Confederation of Labor), Appio Claudio Rocchi, said: "The United States is giving a brutal impression of blackmail which only strengthens Communist propaganda, according to which America is now trying to starve Italian workers into submission. The new policy will not change a single Italian worker's vote. Moreover, with Communists everywhere, no Italian Government can possibly enforce the policy unless the United States . . . sends police squads into every factory. . . . We cannot fight Communists here with threats or Mussolini clubs but only through social reform, and if America wants to help now, the only way is to urge the Government toward such reform." The secretary of the UIL (left-of-Center anti-Communist Federation), Italo Viglianesi, said: "The point is not to punish the workers by denying them work but to encourage them by providing it."

No Room for Proconsuls

There is no denying that the Communists are gaining ground. Together with their Socialist allies they polled one-third of the total vote last June, and in some of the municipal elections held since they have had spectacular success. Panic among journalists and politicians in Washington and in Rome will not do much to check them. Even as patient a man as Alcide De Gasperi lost his temper in a recent article: "Certain authoritative Anglo-American newspapers," he wrote, "insist on a depressing and unjustified alarmism. It is not true that the Italian people are about to throw themselves into the arms of Communism."

THE FIRST thing for Americans to recognize is that Italy's troubles long antedate the Truman Administration and cannot be solved by that of President Eisenhower. Communism has been a menace in Italy since the early days of liberation, and is too intimately bound up in Italian life to be coped with by foreign intervention, however drastic.

The Marshall Plan was far from being a failure. Indeed, even when it was only a promise, it undoubtedly prevented the Communists from winning the 1948 elections. Thus six years of valuable time were bought. But the Marshall Plan could not possibly provide all Italians with enough work and enough bread. Its goal was to set the Italian economy at the highest possible speed so that after the horrible devastation of war it could reach its prewar level. The goal was not only attained but surpassed, thanks both to American aid and Italian resilience. But the Italian economy even in its best prewar years was a sick economy.

To go much further, to relieve the overcrowded country from unemployment, to correct old, ingrained monopolistic habits, America would have had to revolutionize Italy's political and economic system. This would have meant having the country run by benevolent American proconsuls. Such a course would have been unthinkable in the days of the Marshall Plan. It is even more unthinkable now.

At the present time all we can offer Italy, aside from sanctimonious or "get tough" advice, is $400 million worth of offshore procurement contracts, the honor of charter membership in the European Defense Community-to-be, and perhaps still another promise about Trieste. Actually, all recent efforts to coax and bully the Italians have been doing positive harm. According to our best friends here, the wisest course for

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the American State Department is to take a hard look at the Italian situation and measure its words.

The Catchall Party

The crisis of Italian democracy did not start with the political elections in June last year. Rather, it has been going on, and gaining increasing momentum, ever since the Christian Democratic Party in the 1948 elections got 48.7 per cent of the popular vote and a majority of the seats in Parliament. From then on most of the Christian Democratic leaders assumed that they had routed the Communists once and for all, and that in any case fear of Communism alone would be enough to keep the majority of voters tied to the Christian Democratic Party regardless of its achievements. They were so sure of their following that they felt no harm could come from showing impatience and scorn toward their minor allies.

The Christian Democratic Party is a catchall party; most of its leaders thought that the 1948 elections had made it the party of the nation—opposed to, and kept in power by, the anti-national Communist Party. In the Christian Democratic ranks are to be found big landowners and landless peasants, monopoly industrialists and class-conscious trade-unionists, ultraclericals and stanch believers in the separation of church and state, nationalists and European or World Federalists, monarchists and republicans.

It was thought that all these conflicting, disparate elements could be cemented both by anti-Communism and by devotion to the Catholic Church. But the fact was overlooked that even at its peak in 1948 the Christian Democratic vote represented not quite fifty per cent of the Italian electorate, while over ninety-nine per cent of the Italian people are Catholics. Long, long before Communism was ever dreamt of, the Italians, irrespective of personal piety, had been trained to distinguish sharply between political and religious Catholicism.

Alcide De Gasperi was one of the very few who never forgot the role of political Catholicism and Catholic anti-clericalism in Italian history. De Gasperi, a virtuoso of politics, tried to lead at the same time that coalition of conflicting interests and factions which is his party and the coalition of the anti-Communist and anti-Fascist democratic parties in which the Christian Democratic Party, for all its numerical predominance, was but one among four. Yet, great as De Gasperi's political skill is, he could not help yielding to the pressure of his party's factions. This pressure led him to tolerate a remarkable amount of log-rolling and nepotism as a price for party unity. The spoils system was adopted ruthlessly—in a petty rather than in a scandalous way—by the Christian Democrats; they tended to act as if their Administration were a "régime"—and Italians had recent and burning memories of what a régime is. True, the Christian Democrats never even remotely approached the standard of monopolistic patronage that Fascism had set. Yet there was always enough of it to irritate and alienate ever-increasing numbers of anti-clerical democrats. In such quarters one frequently heard the saying: "Christian Democracy oppresses but does not suppress us."

De Gasperi

Shell-Shocked

The Christian Democrats were so preoccupied with keeping conflicting factions happy that they never got around to a sustained effort at sapping the main basis of Communist strength—Italy's misery. They never formulated any more than superficial programs to eliminate unemployment, encourage small free enterprise, solve the housing shortage, and raise mass purchasing power. The biggest social effort was the land-reform program, but this ten-year plan, even if carried through, is designed to meet the needs of only a tenth of Italy's farm workers. Moreover, disquieting evidence of partisan and factional greed is to be found in the way land reform has been administered lately.

Last June's setback gave the Christian Democratic leaders a shock from which they do not seem yet to have recovered. They still see no evidence that something else besides fear is needed to keep workers and peasants away from the Left. The Christian Democrats seem singularly disinclined to recognize their own share of responsibility for the electoral setbacks suffered by the three allied democratic parties—right-wing Socialists, Liberals, and Republicans. For actually these parties have been consistently treated by the Christian Democrats as camp followers rather than allies.

But as De Gasperi, an extremely pious man, knows, political Catholicism alone cannot run the country without exposing to great risks not only the democratic institutions but the Church itself. Religious Catholicism is unchallenged in Italy, but political Catholicism has split the country from the times of the Guelphs and Ghibellines down to our own. For nearly sixty years, from the unification of Italy until after the First World War, only anti-clericals led the government. But now the most powerful of the anti-clerical forces is Communism, and political Catholicism badly needs to work in the closest possible alliance with the secular anti-Communist parties.

Yet, since last June's elections, the Christian Democrats have insisted on trying to go it alone. For these elections a special law had been devised that would have given to the four-party coalition, had it gained over half of the popular vote, sixty-five per cent of the seats in the House. The majority of these seats would have gone to the Christian Democrats and the rest to their allies. Since the law failed to operate and the Christian Democrats have no majority, they are in the direst need of the support these parties can give them in Parliament.

This is as good an opportunity as any to set straight some reports that lately have been given much

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credence in the American press. According to these reports the Christian Democrats actually won the elections last June but didn't have the courage to demand a recount of 1,300,000 contested votes, most of which, it was alleged, were for the Christian Democrats. The fact is that over half of these contested votes were blank ballots, while enough others were genuinely spoiled so that the contestable votes were no more than a quarter of a million. The Christian Democrats would have needed quite a big chunk of those votes to push them decisively over the fifty per cent mark.

Three-Way Choice

At present the Christian Democrats have three paths open to them—if they can ever get unstuck from dead center. The first is to reconstitute a coalition with the three minority parties—the Republicans with five seats in the Chamber, the Liberals with fourteen, and the Social Democrats with nineteen. This could only be done by treating them as allies in fact and not only in name, by a reform program bold enough to assure them that they won't be drowned, along with the Christian Democrats, in the next election, and by a solemn pledge to stop flirting with the Monarchist Right. The Social Democrats' Saragat, who was the first to bolt the alliance after the June returns came in, has just offered to come back on these terms. This clearly would be the safest course.

The second is to offer a still more sweeping social program, and enough concessions on foreign policy to mollify the Left, thereby winning either abstention or positive support from the seventy-five Nenni Socialist Deputies. This move would be a gamble on Nenni's ultimately breaking off with the Communists—which is, to say the least, a rather doubtful proposition.

The third course would be to form a coalition with the Monarchists, who have thirty-nine Deputies. This would mean dropping altogether whatever agrarian and social reforms are in the present program, and losing most or all of the thirty-eight votes held by minor-party democratic Deputies. A landslide of anti-Fascist forces toward the Left and the formation of a Communist-dominated Popular Front could follow.

Too Smart for Their Own Good

But as things stand now, even this step might be better than none. Nothing looks more dangerous at the moment—particularly for the Christian Democrats—than continuing the deadlock.

So far the Christian Democrats have been unwilling to break it. Rather they have been playing a razzle-dazzle game with various candidates put forward for the Prime Ministry. Thus the party presented De Gasperi first, with the hope that he would revive the old four-party coalition, but with practically no change in the Christian Democratic program of action—or inaction. After the minor parties refused to go along, the next candidate was Attilio Piccioni, leader of the Right, who directed his appeal to the Social Democrats and Nenni. He was followed by Giuseppe Pella, also known as a rightist, who then appealed to the Left and succeeded in getting more support than Piccioni. Prevented by his party from fulfilling his promises, he tried to find his support in the Monarchist Right, whereupon the Christian Democratic left-wing "Democratic Initiative" group, led by Amintore Fanfani, compelled him to resign. The party then nominated Fanfani himself, who promptly made his pitch to the Monarchists—and closed the door more firmly on Saragat and the Social Democrats than any of his predecessors had.

In the parliamentary debate which led to the defeat of the Fanfani Cabinet, there was a singular unanimity among spokesmen for the Social Democrats and the Monarchist Party. Saragat, the right-wing Socialist leader, said: "The Christian Democrats are trying to put one foot in two shoes. The political orientation of the Fanfani Ministry is mistaken; it cannot turn to us and to the Right at the same time. Fanfani must choose."

Alfredo Covelli, one of the Monarchist leaders, said: "The result of the June elections can no longer be ignored. The electorate gave no absolute majority to the Christian Democrats and they cannot govern with what is now a minority party."

"Choose your allies," both Saragat and Covelli said, in a spirit more of sorrow than of anger. They made it plain that they did not enjoy overthrowing one Cabinet after another, and that the Christian Democrats could no longer escape the responsibility of making up their minds. The smart game of offering a rightist Prime Minister with a leftist program, or vice versa, neither intrigues nor deceives the anti-Communist parties on the Right and Left. Both sides point out that not even the most acrobatic of Christian Democratic leaders could manage to satisfy Monarchists and Republicans, pro-Fascists and Social Democrats, all at the same time.

A Government *Is* Possible

Impatience with this deadlock is being felt by an ever-increasing mass of people. This impatience explains to a large extent why the Communists have been picking up so many new votes in the local elections these last eight months. It is noteworthy that many of these votes are from relatively prosperous middle-class Italians who no longer think it worthwhile resisting what looks like the only party that knows exactly what it is doing.

The Christian Democrats can again run the nation provided they decide what company they want. Or else they can call for new elections. But if elections were held this spring or early next fall, it is generally assumed in Rome that they would register a further decline of the democratic parties and an increase in the Communist vote.

In fact, the chance of avoiding new general elections is better now than it has been in months, for Saragat's offer has made possible a small but clear majority in the Chamber and enough legislative action over the next year or two to recoup some of the Christian Democrats' losses. Of course, this will not eliminate the Communist danger. But it could lead to a containment of Communism, and there is no doubt among tough-minded patriots here that Communism can be contained. But the decision must be taken by the Christian Democrats in Rome—not by the State Department in Washington.

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Our Baffled Neighbors To the North

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

MANY Canadians have recently become distrustful of American leadership in world affairs. They wonder if it is safe to leave the great decisions that spell peace or war to a nation so mercurial and so hysterical in assaying its own internal problem of Communism. As it happened, I made a fortnight's speaking tour of western Canada not long ago. The trip gave me the chance to talk with four or five hundred representative Canadians, most of them thoughtful, intelligent people and well disposed toward the United States normally. My observations are drawn from their frank questions and comments.

Canadians are mystified and angry, but more mystified than angry. They simply cannot understand why the richest and most powerful nation in the world can be so frightened of Communist espionage and conspiracy, or why these fears have led to so many encroachments on civil liberty, or why such a country uses public accusation as its weapon against suspects in lieu of the secret grand jury and trial by law.

Canada has less than one-tenth the population of the United States, and currently is far less than one-tenth as powerful. Its people have lived all their lives in the shadow of a colossus toward which they have been friendly yet somehow apprehensive. In recent decades, they have established their independence of Great Britain. But they suspect that they have still to establish beyond cavil their independence of the United States, because its impact on Canada is far greater and yet more subtle—and so more difficult to counteract.

Consequently, they are quick to resent anything that looks like bullying from below the line. And the Jenner pressures on Ottawa, backed up by hints of personal attack on Lester Pearson in the Hearst and McCormick newspapers, look to them like bullying. They use the term "blackmail" to describe this sort of thing, because it was a threat to blacken the reputation of a great Canadian statesman unless the Canadian government met a demand it already had rejected.

The mystification of the Canadians stems in part from the fact that Canadians know so much more about America than Americans know about

Canada. Typically, the American knows almost nothing of Canada's politics, which is intricate, or of its way of life, which is subtly different from our own. He sees no Canadian newspaper or magazine, and finds little Canadian news in his own press. By contrast, the typical Canadian reads several American magazines, follows AP or UP news accounts of American affairs, and has a lively, continuing interest in the details of our public affairs.

Yet although the well-informed Canadian follows American news closely, he rarely has that basic knowledge of the American constitutional system and political tradition which would enable him to evaluate day-to-day political news in sure perspective. For example, he considers it a gross breach of international comity on the part of the Republican Administration when a Senate committee makes public classified data given the United States in confidence by the Canadian government. What he fails to realize is that a Congressional committee is not an agent of the Administration, and that such a committee has quite different aims from those of a superficially similar committee or commission in Canada.

LIKEWISE the Canadian is stumped when a Senate or House committee puts out public accusations against individuals, universities, and whole classes of people such as Protestant clergymen. The age of suspicion has not yet come upon Canada, and Canadians are just as baffled by Washington investigations as are Americans when they read the abject confessions of accused deviationists in Moscow or Budapest.

Our generalized Canadian is most mystified of all, perhaps, by the contradictions of American policy and practice, by the seeming paradoxes of our political behavior. Joseph R. McCarthy, he well knows, is of the same party as the President. Yet, he observes, this man elected by 870,000 residents of Wisconsin launches successive attacks on Mr. Eisenhower and his policies. Mr. Eisenhower was elected by the votes of 34 million Americans and occupies the most powerful office in the free world, but he appears unable to take any step to enforce party discipline or even to protect his own foreign policy from torpedoes launched within his own party. Once more it is a case of evaluating an American phenomenon in the framework of Canada's wholly different political tradition.

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These differences simmer down to two basic contrasts of constitutional and political practice. One is the difference between the Congressional investigating committee and the Royal Commission of Enquiry. The other is a difference in manners in public life, formed over many generations. This latter recalls a fact too often forgotten—that Canadians are

foreigners, that they differ from Americans considerably more than superficial similarities lead us to suppose.

The Jenner subcommittee (not the McCarthy Subcommittee on Investigations) has the proper hunting license to pursue spies and subversives. It has roughly the same purposes as did the Canadian Royal Commission on Espionage in 1946. Each has sought to learn what needed to be known about Communist espionage and other subversive groups and persons. But right there the similarity ends.

Committee vs. Commission

Let us then consider the differences. The Jenner subcommittee, or any other committee of Congress, is made up of popularly elected legislators who probably will be candidates for re-election in a year or two or somewhat more. Its members have a natural and strong incentive to get full public credit for their zeal. The Royal Commission, by contrast, was made up of two judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, appointive officials secure in office to the age of seventy-five, who had no zealous yearning for daily headlines. It is hard to believe in the context of our times, but the tradition of the Royal Commission of Enquiry holds it vulgar and improper to get headlines during an investigation.

Congressional inquirers often play to the gallery, for good and urgent reasons of political necessity. This is the basic reason why public accusation has become the settled practice of many American legislative committees, and why Canadians are mystified by seeing individuals tried in the headlines. The Royal Commission exists to get facts for official use. The Congressional committee exists to persuade 150 million Americans what to think about a problem or about a set of persons declared to be malefactors or subversives.

A SECONDARY difference lies in the longevity of these agencies of investigation. A Royal Commission is created to do a fairly specific task. It ceases to exist as soon as the task is performed. A Congressional committee, however, tends to live on and on, as is now confirmed by the pregnant title "Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations." This sometimes leads ambitious Senators or Representatives to sink new shafts almost at random when a pay lode gives out, in order to make work for a committee on which their political careers may depend.

The most important difference, however, lies in the relationship of these investigating agencies and the respective governments. In Canada, as all Canadians know, a Royal Commission (or a select committee of Parliament) is created at the initiative of the Government. It is a creature of the Cabinet—the Premier and his colleagues. And the Cabinet in turn is in essence a committee of the House. Every Royal Commission or select committee, therefore, exists to do something the Canadian Administration wants done and nothing more. It is unthinkable to a Canadian that a Royal Commission would issue blasts to the press slurring or attacking Premier Louis St. Laurent. Consequently, it is incomprehensible to Canadians that Senator McCarthy or his committee should lash out at the Eisenhower Administration.

But our generalized Canadian does *not* know that a Congressional committee is not formed on the President's initiative, that it may be formed against his better judgment, that it may even be formed in order to wage political war against the Executive Branch (the Secretary of State, for example). It was nearly impossible, I found in my fortnight of "explanations," to convince Canadians that the President is nearly powerless against committees of Congress, even though they are controlled by members of his own party.

Motes and Beams

Most educated and informed Canadians express emphatic disapproval of the disregard shown for civil liberties in our Congressional investigations. And they undoubtedly are sincere. Yet it can be argued that Canadian practice is not more concerned with the civil liberties of the individual than American practice.

The Royal Commission on Espionage in 1946, for example, detained certain citizens incommunicado for many weeks without trial. It questioned some of them in secret at great length without allowing them legal counsel. Later the evidence so gathered was used in their trials. When the Canadian government really believes it is dealing with spies, it is tougher than the American, and

more indifferent to the ordinary rights of citizens.

The Canadian people as a whole appear to find no fault with this. The Defence of Canada regulations are more rigorous than the equivalent laws of Great Britain or even the United States, both in the penal-

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ties provided and in the power to disregard the normal legal protections of suspected persons. What really offends the Canadian is something a little different. He is appalled by the indiscriminate hurling of charges in public, by the smearing of individuals simply because they refuse to answer questions, and by the

pitiless publicity given those persons marked out as targets. The Canadian is ready to go along with quite substantial inroads on the civil liberties of genuine suspects, in the process of apprehending, trying, and punishing them. But he wants it done by responsible agents of the Crown, not by ambitious politicians.

He is just as deeply concerned with the safety of the state as his American opposite number, quite possibly more so. But he would not like to see the painstaking, unobtrusive work of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police—Canada's FBI—used by public officials to produce a political circus for gullible citizens. Just as "war is too serious a business to be left to the generals," in Clemenceau's phrase, so the Canadian feels that the security of the state against subversion and espionage is too serious a business to be left to a coalition of publicity-hungry politicos and circulation-hungry editors.

Manners and Monarchy

Beyond all this, there is a difference simply of manners that explains much of the Canadian attitude. We forget too easily, because Canada's Queen is usually 3,000 miles from North America, that Canada has lived through all its history and still lives today under a monarchy. Its governance proceeds with pomp and great dignity. The Cooperative Commonwealth Federationists of Saskatchewan and the Social Crediters of Alberta, just like the older Liberal and Tory Parties, adjust their ideas and behavior to ritual. Even in the capital of a prairie province redolent of the frontier, the legislature is no mere state assembly. It is a Parliament, headed by a Premier. And the formal head of such a province is a Lieutenant Governor of the Crown with an exceedingly ornate uniform. The business of the province, like that of the Dominion, is conducted with dignity.

Accustomed to this climate of formalism and gracious manners in their public affairs, the Canadians are aghast when the chairman of a minor committee of Congress, himself a former detective, on his own responsibility attempts to hale a former President of the United States before him by having a subpoena served. And what are they to think when they come upon passages like these, in an AP dispatch?

"An angry Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy (R., Wis.) today denounced a defiant witness as apparently 'the most active Communist espionage agent this subcommittee has uncovered to date. . . .'

"The Wisconsin Senator flatly labeled him a 'sleazy character—an undercover spy for the Communists. . . .

" 'From your answers [refusal to answer] it could be concluded that you are now engaged in espionage. Do you feel you should be walking the streets of this country or that you should have the same fate as the Rosenbergs?' "

The public badgering of witnesses does not comport with the traditions of the Royal Commission of Enquiry. And the incredulous Canadian newspaper reader is not only mystified but astounded to read something like this, from the New York *Times* wire service:

" 'You didn't ask me—' the witness persisted, and then, as Mr. McCarthy began shouting back and pounding the table with a glass ash tray, the witness cried:

" 'You didn't ask me whether I engaged in any espionage or transmitted any information. The answer to that question is "No!" '

"The Senator shouted to Capitol police: 'Take him out! Take him out!' "

It *is* a strange way to conduct the public business of the greatest nation on earth, disposing majestic power around the globe. A witness was asked countless questions calculated to incriminate him, but was carefully denied the chance to answer the one question that was altogether pertinent and would enable him to establish in the record a denial of guilt. To Canadians, the public bullying, humiliation, and smearing of witnesses is much, much more reprehensible than their formula—silent, tough police work, and then iron severity in the courts of law.

One Basic Fact

The cause and cure of McCarthyism are beyond the scope of this report on Canada's reactions. But McCarthyism, quite aside from its effect on American life and freedom, is doing serious damage to our foreign relations. This could be avoided in part if the President and Secretary of

State, and responsible journals of news and opinion as well, were to explain to foreign peoples one basic fact—that while Congress is the ultimate source of law and fundamental national policy, its committee chairmen are *not* authorized spokesmen for the U. S. government.

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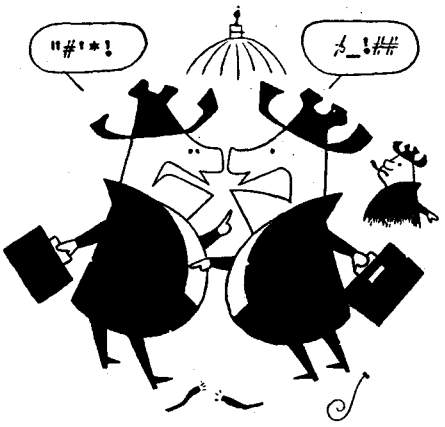
Mr. Randall's Head And the Stone Wall



JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

To comment on the recent Report of the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy—the Randall Committee—one must settle first on the purpose the Commission was intended to serve. Presumably the President had one or more of the following possibilities in mind:

¶That there was need for a careful re-evaluation of the means and ends of our foreign economic policy on the ground that they are at present obscure.

¶That there was need to provide Congress and the public with an educational document on the accepted problems and necessities of trade, tariffs, and aid.

¶That there was need to find some basis for agreement between powerful Congressional leaders whose disagreements had previously been nearly total.

¶That something had to be done to postpone a nasty controversy, and setting up a Commission seemed as good a way as any.

This last possibility, which implies that Mr. Clarence Randall and his colleagues were engaged in a kind of political leaf raking, cannot be entirely excluded. On the morning the Report was published, the New York *Times*, in its most matter-of-fact tone, advised its readers that "The commission was created at the last session [of Congress] in a maneuver that avoided an open fight over continuation of the [Reciprocal Trade Agreements] act . . ." If the postponement of a legislative fracas was the only purpose of establishing the Commission, then it must, of course, be pronounced a success. However, it can be assumed that Mr. Randall, a busy as well as a brilliant man, could have used the time in the steel business.

But it is more reasonable as well as more charitable to assume that the Administration had one or more of the other objectives in mind. As a matter of elementary courtesy one can dismiss from consideration the possibility that the Administration thinks the broad outlines of our foreign economic policy still need defining. For at least twenty years the requirements of that policy have been clear, and the basic instruments for carrying it out have been known: We need to balance our accounts at a high level of trade—this policy reflects our own interest and that of our friends—and to do this we must import liberally and export, in one form or another, a reliable volume of capital. Only a violent partisan would accuse the Eisenhower Administration of innocence on these matters. While it is a basic tenet of our political life that any subject can be investigated almost any number of times, research into the larger ends and instruments of our foreign economic policy would be roughly the equivalent of research into the existence of Los Angeles and the means of getting there from New York.

That the Commission had an educational aim can be dismissed on the evidence of the Report itself. To educate, a document must be read, and among our state papers this one merits comparison, for rotund opacity, with the historic work of the late George W. Wickersham. It might be argued that even if the document offered a brilliant, lasting, and noncontroversial solution for the dollar shortage, this would not compensate for the ravages it works on the English language.

There remains only the possibility that the Report was designed to get agreement between men of radically differing views on foreign trade. And indeed, it is by this standard that the document must finally be judged. It is plain that Mr. Randall and those of his associates who possess a reasonable respect for the arithmetic of the situation made a game try. The final product, however, is not one that can be viewed with unqualified admiration.

What Was Thrown to the Wolves?

It is plain that the majority of the Commission—a term that embraces rather more minority Democrats than majority Republicans—agreed on the desirability of a high level of trade and also on the means required to get it. Having taken this position, they evidently sought to win over the opposition by offering concessions. The concessions are of two sorts—the real ones and the largely verbal ones. Although the substantive concessions are doubtless the more important, there is no more discouraging feature of the Report than the overtures made in it to the rhetoric of economic isolation.

Thus Uncle Sam once again appears as the amiable dupe who is, at long last, learning to shake off the leeches. "Underdeveloped countries are claiming a right to economic aid from the United States. . . . We recognize no such right." Again the Report repeats the familiar argument that we must be careful not to overcrowd our economy (a slight current depression notwithstanding), and accordingly we must "recognize our own limitations and restrict our commitments to our capabilities." Evidently the far greater commitments of the Korean War, the Mar-

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shall Plan, and the Second World War were carelessly assumed. (Elsewhere in the Report, however, our economy is described as one of the "most dynamic," "most resilient," "most creative" in the world.)

Foreign labor with its deplorable wages remains a threat to the American workingman. And there is one truly novel bit of nonsense: " . . . the trade agreements program has not been fully tested. Most of the period of its operation has been characterized by abnormal economic conditions of one kind or another." The trade-agreements program was launched in 1933, and so precisely the same can be said of every other piece of legislation that has been enacted since Roosevelt's first inaugural.

No doubt the majority of the Commission assumed that this bilge was harmless, and they can cite in their defense a well-established convention on such matters which holds that those whose intelligence is insulted will forgive while those who are to be mollified swallow everything whole. But in this case, as will be noted presently, the recalcitrants were not appeased. Perhaps it's time that people of good sense got stubborn too.

Was Anything Kept?

The Commission makes four recommendations of consequence. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act should be extended for three years with provision for an over-all reduction in tariff rates of fifteen per cent at the maximum rate of five per cent a year. (There is also provision for further reducing tariffs that are exceptionally high or exceptionally unimportant.) Concessions are proposed on the taxation of income from foreign investments. The Buy American restrictions on government purchases should be substantially amended. Military aid and limited technical assistance are to be continued.

In addition, the Commission hopes for some further simplifications of the customs laws, proposes repeal of present legislation requiring that at least half of all cargoes financed by government loans and grants be sent in American ships, suggests, somewhat obliquely, that friendly fleets be considered a part of our necessary merchant marine reserve, views European East-West trade somewhat more benignly than it has been viewed in the past, and suggests that tourists be allowed to bring home a thousand dollars' worth of purchases duty-free—such of them as have a thousand dollars to spend on souvenirs. More in the category of virtuous hopes than recommendations, Congress is urged to abandon high farm prices for an unspecified alternative, and European countries are urged to work toward the free convertibility of their currencies.

These suggestions make sense, and whatever differences there may be as to details, they reflect a clear appreciation of the problem. Unhappily they must be viewed in

relation to the substantive concessions that were made to the opposition. These concessions are formidable. Against the extension of the Trade Agreements Act must be set the fifteen per cent limit within which negotiations are confined. This will be a serious barrier to working out a better trading relationship with Japan, which, for obvious reasons, has not had much benefit from past negotiations under the Act. The opposition also won the continuation of the present escape-clause and peril-point provisions, which allow specific industries to claim exceptions or increases. These concessions and a protectionist-minded Tariff Commission mean that the chances for higher tariffs in the near future are at least as good as the chances for lower tariffs.

While the yardage lost by concessions on trade agreements is serious, it is as nothing compared with the ground given on capital exports. One of the few sources of comfort to a committee working on these matters is the absence of hostility to those who want to risk their own money in enterprises abroad. It was natural, therefore, that the Commission should show considerable enthusiasm for private foreign investment. But while this is an area relatively devoid of controversy, it is also relatively devoid of hope—or rather it is one in which hope springs eternally without visible substance to feed on. In 1952 net private foreign investment, Canada excluded, amounted to $531 million. A fair chunk of this was for oil.

The Commission proposes a fourteen per cent reduction in the corporate income tax on money earned abroad—this already applies, in a somewhat different form, to investment in the Western Hemisphere—and provision for additional domestic tax credits for taxes paid to foreign governments. A nominal liberalization of present government guarantees on foreign loans is also suggested, although these guarantees have been little used.

If, with this encouragement, foreign investment should increase fifty per cent in the next five years, the Commission could fairly conclude that its recommendations had produced a brilliant success. But the contribution to the dollar problem, whose magnitudes are counted in billions, would be very modest. There is also a chance that the tax inducements would have no effect: It is purely an assumption that taxes rank high among the many factors that a firm contemplating foreign investment must consider.

Against this dubious prospect for private foreign investment—a bird that may not even be in the bush—must now be set the most important concession given to the opposition. While private overseas investment is not controversial, public loans and grants certainly are. And they are roundly condemned in the Report: ". . . economic aid on a grant basis should be terminated as soon as possible"; public lending is a damaging substitute for private investment.

The door is not slammed entirely

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shut. The International Bank and the Export-Import Bank should remain in business; "where our security is importantly involved . . . moderate grants-in-aid may serve the national interest of the United States." (Generosity is banned even when security *is* "importantly involved.") However, the effect of this can only be to raise a serious political bar against instruments of foreign policy that have been useful in the past and that are almost certain to be needed in the future.

The endorsement of technical assistance suffers similarly. It is recommended, but only "within the limits imposed by congressional appropriations [a precaution apparently directed against the possibility of Mr. Stassen's paying for the thing out of his own pocket], the need for selecting only sound projects, the availability of trained technicians, and good administration." There is the further proviso that technical assistance should call for neither "big money" nor capital investment. In a Congress where the appropriation process is presided over by John Taber, such an endorsement can amount to a death warrant.

Where Is Thy Victory?

In sum, and assuming a given level of economic activity, these concessions probably mean no more trade and a lot less aid. Still it must be remembered that the Commission was contending with strong-willed men backed by what may be a considerable resurgence, if not of protectionism, at least of protectionist morale. Some kind of agreement might have been worth the price.

But here one comes face to face with the mystery of the Randall Report. The concessions have been made, but there is no agreement. The liberalizing proposals are plastered with dissents. In an urbane letter, Senator Eugene Millikin of Colorado, most powerful of the Republican Senate members on the Commission, effectively disassociates himself from the whole business. Congressmen Dan Reed and Richard Simpson go farther. They not only dissent from the important individual recommendations; they reinforce their disagreement with an angry rejection of the Report as a whole and they have since submitted more fully argued objections. They might, however, accept a circumscribed Trade Agreements Act for two years.

IT IS DIFFICULT to see why the two Congressmen should be out of sorts. In the history of bargaining, their achievement would seem to be almost unique in its virtuosity. For a parallel, one must imagine that John L. Lewis, having won all his demands in a wage negotiation, should then succeed in submitting to arbitration the new question of whether he should have all the earnings of the mines.

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"There are encouraging signs that the world stands at the beginning of an era of expansion of world trade."
——Report of the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy

The Undergraduate Underground

DOUGLASS CATER

IN EARLIER times, the undergraduate hungry for the ephemeral glories of Big Man on the Campus picked his way carefully up the rungs of clubs, teams, publications, and class politics. Robert Munger, a student at the University of Southern California, has devised a new technique, much better attuned to the temper of the 1950's. He has demonstrated that with all the suspicions rampant in the academic community today, a plausible youth can become a Big Man, if not exactly on the college campus, at least among high-school students and influential adults, by tracking down what he considers "Leftists."

Like many success stories, Munger's began in adversity. U.S.C. was the third college he had attended. He had spent one year each at Los Angeles City College and Pepperdine College, also in Los Angeles. At the former he had made an effort at conventional campus politicking when he ran for the student-body presidency. He lost by a very large margin, but it appears that this failure gave Munger the inspiration that was to speed him to success. In the fall of 1951, General Douglas MacArthur, having been called home from Japan the previous spring, was making loud political noises over the land. It was an auspicious time for the meeting of the two momentarily blighted careers. Munger founded the National Collegiate MacArthur Clubs in October, 1951. There followed an enthusiastic letter of acceptance from the General. Munger, of course, was National Director. The headquarters were established at P.O. Box 2124, Hollywood 28, California. This device of the secretive "cover address," as it is known in clandestine circles, Munger uses to this day.

FROM THE OUTSET, the MacArthur organization, as depicted in its monthly newspaper, *The American Student,* set out to create the impression of a burgeoning student movement whose primary aim was "winning our battle against Communism." It had spark: "Twenty-five Barstow [California] high school students were indoctrinated in the National Collegiate MacArthur Club's philosophy of Americanism... by National Director Bob Munger.... To crowd this meeting into Bob's heavy March speaking schedule, Don Pierce, President of Barstow Kiwanis Club, flew to Los Angeles in his private plane to pick Bob up after his four o'clock class. . . ." It had mystery: "For security reasons names of donors are not published. With copies [of the newspaper] distrib-

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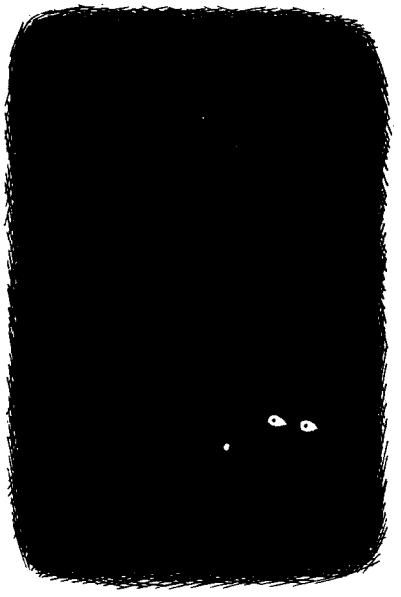
uted all over the country, we are aware that every reader is not interested in what we strive to accomplish, but rather some would stop us." And there was more than a touch of partisan politics: "Everytime ... President [Truman] reaches



into the barrel for a red-blooded American to come to Washington to help him, he comes up with some moss that has been forming on the bottom of the barrel. . . . There is only one solution in the words of a well-known song: 'Roll Out the Barrel'. . . ."

The N.C.M.C. had a simple premise: "Almost all leftwing student organizations are merely the tools of groups like the Communist Party or other equally vicious outside adult agencies," declared its handbook. "N.C.M.C. is the only truly rightist student movement in existence on a nation-wide basis."

After the Republican National Convention in July, 1952, Munger decided that a change of name was in order. Accordingly, the organization was reconstituted as Students for America. Again there was a congratulatory letter from General MacArthur, who pronounced himself honored to serve as honorary president. The officers, the post-office-box address, and the monthly newspaper remained the same.

'Hard Core'

A confidential handbook issued by Students for America gave a more startling index of its aims and techniques. Munger had apparently studied well the organizational practices of the Communists whom he sought to outwit. He modeled his own organization with meticulous care after theirs. There was to be the "select hard core of the membership" which would control the organization. Local chapters would not seek recognition from the college authorities but would remain a "loyal underground" in the State Department tradition. "We have found it much more expedient not to seek to be officially recognized on the campus by the administration."

A VITAL part of National Headquarters was to be the "National Security Division" entrusted with responsibility for "carrying on direct liaisons with anti-subversive government agencies and keeping up-to-date information on all leftist student groups and their operations." The National Security Division in turn would be in touch with the college chapters' "Intelligence Sections," which were to be "responsible for keeping up-to-date information on all leftist activity of any nature at their school *by any means which may be deemed expedient.*" (Italics ours.)

The Intelligence Sections were to be the heart of the espionage apparatus, with interlocking rings and all the standard equipment of subversion. They, the handbook continued, "should be composed of a very small number of select individuals who should not be known to the general membership of our organization, or known to other students as a member of our organization. It will be their duty to join leftist student groups in an effort to obtain information." Such information "should be reported immediately to National headquarters, where it will be placed at the disposal of various government agencies. . . ."

There was, naturally, proper concern over the danger that Students for America, while busily infiltrating the leftist groups, might in turn be infiltrated. When in doubt about a prospective member, a chapter was counseled to contact National Headquarters, which could "provide any information as to the membership or participation of that individual in subversive activities or organizations, on very short notice."

IN DECEMBER, 1952, there was a hint that National Headquarters itself had been infiltrated when Volume I, No. 10, of *The American Student* had to be stopped in the middle of its press run for a fairly significant change. Early copies had contained a page-one book review that began: "Recommended reading for S.F.A. members is 'Report on the American Communist' by Morris Ernst and David Loth, published by Holt, New York, price $3.00." In the revised edition, the review began: "'Report on the American Communist,' by Morris Ernst and David Loth, published by Holt, New York, is according to Dr. J. B. Matthews 'one of the most vicious books I have read in ten years. Its statements and proposals parallel the line of the Communist Party.'"

Testing Teacher

As a possible sop to those members who were not permitted to join the underground, Munger revised a sure-fire technique for keeping tabs on professors. Members were "to take notes and direct quotations from the lectures of those professors who consistently insert Communist and socialist propaganda into the classroom." A record was also to be kept of reading assigned or suggested by these professors. All this information was also to be forwarded to National Headquarters, which evi-

dently felt itself capable of handling an unlimited bulk of such reports.

Munger had not completely forgotten traditional campus politics—and his own abortive foray into it. "A few students strongly dedicated to a single purpose," he wrote, "can exercise far more than their own strength in student activities." He advised members to seek campus office, recognizing, however, that the S.F.A. should act through "fronts." Campaign literature should state,

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"Vote for Joe Blow because Joe Blow was the head of such and such committee, he played on the football team, he will work *for the good* of the school."

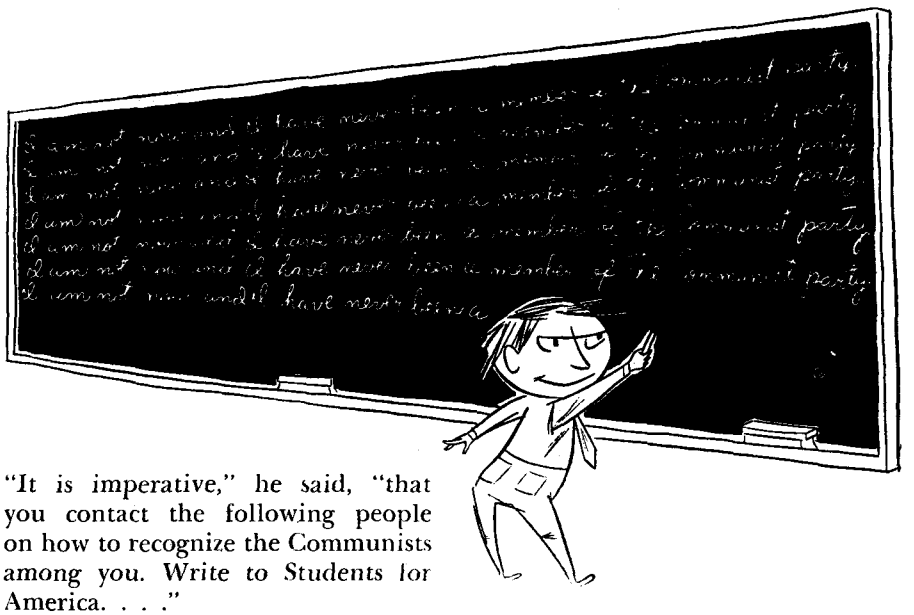
Youthful Enthusiasm

It is possible, by perusing *The American Student,* the four-page monthly which claims a circulation of ten thousand and carries the slogan "Voice of Vigilant Youth," to sense some of the youthful zeal behind the organization. There are frequent pictures of Munger, a slender, attractive-looking young man with a broad grin and an unruly mop of hair. Munger is depicted exchanging greetings with Ned McNulty, an S.F.A. director from the University of Wisconsin, who is mentioned in the caption as having flown out to Hollywood for a conference; or standing among a group of teen-agers—healthy, nice-looking youngsters who might be expected to be planning fraternity dances or football rallies if they were not preoccupied with "exposing" fellow students.

The newspaper includes epistles from Munger to "Loyal Friends and Fellow Members," always concluding "Yours for God and America." News reports tell of the attack being waged on the left wing and of the counterattacks on S.F.A.: "A member of the Valley Junior College Chapter . . . has been threatened by a teacher on the faculty. . . . [He] was told, in a very subtle manner, that . . . his grades might pay the debt as a result of being too active in the club." The writing has an earnest quality about it, with just enough grammatical errors and stilted phrases to convince the reader of its youthful authorship.

Middle-aged Spread

But S.F.A. is not all juvenilia. The support that has rallied round Munger and his organization is distinctly middle-aged. In May, 1952, as evidence of the frenzy which seems to be indigenous to California, Munger was awarded the Motion Picture Alliance Memorial Award as the college student in America who had done most against Communism. The following November, Walter Winchell on his radio program addressed a "Special Flash to All Students."



"It is imperative," he said, "that you contact the following people on how to recognize the Communists among you. Write to Students for America. . . ."

On February 23, 1953, Senator Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota extended his remarks in the Congressional Record to include a glowing tribute to Students for America and to Munger personally. He listed among the organization's aims such ambitious projects as "ridding the Government of waste and immorality; the unceasing drive to get subversives out of Government; the determination to stop socialist expansion in the United States; and to end the dangerous appeasement of Communist aggression. . . .

"So far as I am advised, Mr. President," declared Mundt, "Students for America is the only nationwide anti-Communist and anti-socialistic student movement in this country." It is not known whether Mundt had forgotten the existence of various long-established student religious organizations, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, when he made this sweeping indictment. His remarks, in an envelope bearing his frank but with a Los Angeles postmark, have appeared in student mailboxes as far away as Massachusetts.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., whose seventeen-year-old son Fulton III is a very active member of the University of Virginia chapter and writes a "Washington Letter" for *The American Student,* has on several occasions used his newspaper column to sing the praises of S.F.A. "I had a long talk with Munger concerning some of the underground phases of his activity," Lewis reported last March, "and to say I enjoyed it is an understatement. I can't say much about the techniques employed without spilling the beans, but the methods are effective." In his column Lewis has repeatedly attacked the National Student Association, a postwar organization in which student governments from more than 250 colleges are brought together. Munger and Lewis have labeled the N.S.A. pink, ignoring the fact that one-third of the member colleges are Catholic, and that one of its major activities has been to resist inroads by the Moscow-dominated International Union of Students among the students of western Europe and Asia. N.S.A. operates democratically and aboveboard in the American college community.

Setbacks

Students for America seems to have succeeded almost everywhere except in the colleges. Munger has claimed a membership of 2,500 on more than 120 campuses. Presumably this includes high schools, but even so it appears to be grossly exaggerated. Recently, for example, the Chicago *Tribune* listed five colleges where S.F.A. chapters were reported flourishing. An independent check of those colleges revealed that the deans and other officials were completely ignorant of their existence. Of course, it may be that even the aboveground part of the apparatus is practicing the art of concealment.

In one instance where S.F.A. members decided to stand up and be counted, they were overwhelmingly

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voted down by their fellow students. Last fall, at the University of Virginia, an institution not noted for radical proclivities, Lewis *fils*, joined by one or two fellow freshmen, violated Munger's rule by seeking official recognition for a campus chapter. After a battle which found both sides matching quotations from the University's founder, Thomas Jefferson, this group was turned down by the unanimous vote of the fifteen-man student council. The *Cavalier Daily*, Virginia's student newspaper, carried a biting editorial written by editor William L. Tazewell: "These first-year men take it upon themselves to determine who is and who is not un-American through their own junior-grade imitation of McCarthyism. We feel that this sort of kindergarten Ku Klux Klan is out of place at this University." Mentioning the fact that S.F.A. has printed as many as 100,000 pieces of literature in a single month, he wanted to know who financed the organization. More than a hundred students wrote to Tazewell on the matter; only two expressed disagreement with his stand.

After the tempest had died down, young Lewis promised to advocate certain changes in the national organization. Among other things, he announced his belief that national officers should be elected rather than appointed.

At last report Lewis has been signally unsuccessful. S.F.A. continues to list many of its original officers; the organization has nothing approximating a constitution and no democratic processes by which local chapters can have a voice in the national organization. In this, too, it reveals Munger's assiduous study of the Communist monolith.

Plenty of Time

For Munger, as for David Schine of the Cohn-Schine team, the call of the Army has interrupted what was getting to be a well-publicized if not particularly fruitful career. In a recent interview Munger declared that he was devoting his final weeks as a civilian to finishing up his fight against Communism. Despite the fallow years that may lie ahead in the Army, Munger still has plenty of time. After all, he just turned twenty-four last January 16.

Views & Reviews

The Process of Change

ERIC HOFFER

It is my impression that no one really likes the new. We are afraid of it. It is not only, as Dostoyevsky put it, that "taking a new step, uttering a new word, is what people fear most." Even in slight things, the experience of the new is rarely without some faint stirring of foreboding.

Back in 1936 I spent a good part of the year picking peas. I started out, early in January, in the Imperial Valley and drifted northward, picking peas as they ripened, until I picked the last peas of the season in June, around Tracy. Then I shifted all the way to Lake County, where, for the first time, I was going to pick string beans. And I still remember how hesitant I was that first morning as I was about to address myself to the string-bean vines. Would I be able to pick string beans? Even the change from peas to string beans had in it elements of fear.

In the case of drastic change the uneasiness is, of course, deeper and more lasting. We can never be really prepared for that which is wholly new. We have to adjust ourselves, and every radical adjustment is a crisis in self-esteem. We undergo a test; we have to prove ourselves. It needs inordinate self-confidence to face drastic change without inner trembling.

This simple fact that we can never be fit and ready for that which is wholly new has some peculiar results. It means that a population subjected to drastic change is a population of misfits. It also means that the realization of drastic change usually proceeds in an atmosphere charged with passion. For there is a close connection between lack of confidence and the passionate state of mind; and, as we shall see, the passionate attitude is, to some extent, a substitute for self-confidence. One can see this connection between lack of confidence and the passionate state of mind in all walks of life. A workingman sure of his skill goes leisurely about his job, and accomplishes much though he works as if at play. On the other hand, the workingman new to his trade attacks his work as if he were saving the world, and he must do so if he is to get anything done at all.

The same is true of the soldier. A well-trained soldier will fight well even when not stirred by strong feelings. His morale is good because his thorough training gives him a sense of confidence. But the untrained soldier will give a good account of himself only when animated by faith and enthusiasm. Cromwell used to say that common folk needed "the fear of God before them" to match the soldierly Cavaliers. Faith, enthusiasm, and passionate intensity in general are substitutes for the self-confidence born of skill. Where there is the necessary skill to move mountains, there is no need for the faith that moves mountains.

Action and Unbalance

As I said, a population subjected to drastic change is a population of misfits—unbalanced and explosive. It is hungry for self-confidence and self-esteem, which means that it is hungry for action. Action is the most obvious means by which we gain confidence and prove our worth. Moreover, the hunger for action is also a hunger for balance. At bottom, action is a striking out—a swinging and flailing of the arms to retain one's balance and keep afloat. An active population is basically an unbalanced population. A society made up of balanced indi-

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viduals is likely to be an inactive if not a stagnant society. Drastic change, by upsetting the inner balance, is thus one of the agencies which release man's energies. But certain conditions have to be present if this stimulus of change is to work itself out along the paths of sheer action: There has to be an abundance of opportunities, and there must be a tradition of self-reliance. Given these conditions, a population subjected to drastic change will plunge into an orgy of action.

THE MILLIONS of immigrants dumped on our shores after the Civil War underwent a tremendous change, and it was a highly irritating and painful experience. Not only were they transferred, almost overnight, to a wholly foreign country, but they were, for the most part, torn from the warm communal existence of a small town or village somewhere in Europe and exposed to the cold and dismal isolation of an individual existence. They were misfits in every sense of the word, and ideal material for a revolutionary explosion. But they had a vast continent at their disposal, and fabulous opportunities for self-advancement, and an environment which held self-reliance and individual enterprise in high esteem. And so these immigrants from stagnant small towns and villages in Europe plunged into a mad pursuit of action. They tamed and mastered a continent in an incredibly short time, and we are still in the backwash of that mad pursuit.

Things are different when people subjected to drastic change find only meager opportunities for action or when they cannot, or are not allowed to, attain self-confidence and self-esteem by individual pursuits. In this case, the hunger for confidence, for worth and for balance, directs itself toward the attainment of substitutes. The substitute for self-confidence is faith; the substitute for self-esteem is pride; and the substitute for individual balance is fusion with others into a compact group.

It needs no underlining that this reaching out for substitutes means trouble. In the chemistry of the soul, a substitute is almost always explosive if for no other reason than that we can never have enough of it. We can never have enough of that which we really do not want. What we want is justified self-confidence and self-esteem. If we cannot have the originals, we can never have enough of the substitutes. We can be satisfied with moderate confidence in ourselves and with a moderately good opinion of ourselves, but the faith we

have in a holy cause has to be extravagant and uncompromising, and the pride we derive from an identification with a nation, race, leader, or party is extreme and overbearing. The fact that a substitute can never become an organic part of ourselves makes our holding on to it passionate and intolerant.

TO SUM UP: When a population undergoing drastic change is without abundant opportunities for individual action and self-advancement, it develops a hunger for faith, pride, and unity. It becomes receptive to all manner of proselytizing, and is eager to throw itself into collective undertakings which aim at "showing the world." In other words, drastic change, under certain conditions, creates a proclivity for fanatical attitudes, united action, and spectacular manifestations of flouting and defiance; it creates an atmosphere of revolution. We are usually told that revolutions are set in motion to realize radical changes. Actually, it is drastic change which sets the stage for revolution. The revolutionary mood and temper are generated by the irritations, difficulties, hungers, and frustrations inherent in the realization of drastic change.

Where things have not changed at all, there is the least likelihood of revolution.

A Movie Exhibitor Looks at Censorship

ARTHUR MAYER

THE PHYSICAL dimensions of the motion-picture screen have widened and deepened. What hope is there that its intellectual content and its capacity to deal candidly with the facts of life will soon be similarly enlarged? In the recent "Miracle" case, the United States Supreme Court encouraged such prospects by reversing its archaic ruling that movies were spectacles whose exhibition was a "business pure and simple," and as such not entitled to the Constitutional guarantees of free speech and free expression.

Since then, in its decisions on "Curley," "La Ronde," and "M," the Court has brought into further question the censorship statutes under which the films were originally banned.

Movie exhibitors are displaying further signs of revolt. Over seven thousand theaters that never before dared to show a picture that lacked the Production Code Seal are showing "The Moon Is Blue," although it was denied the industry's official stamp of purity. Howard Hughes, overlord of R.K.O., has refused to make the eliminations requested by the Production Code Authority from "The French Line" and is displaying this latest vehicle for Jane Russell's outstanding charms with equally outstanding box-office results. Sam Goldwyn has achieved front-page headlines by declaring that the Production Code has stood still while

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the world has moved on and that it is imperative that it be brought up to date. To this, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association, has replied, possibly with tongue in cheek, that he would welcome any specific recommendations that the eminent producer might care to offer.

THUS THE TWO most effective agencies for controlling or circumscribing the content of our motion pictures—the industry's "self-regulation" and local censorship—are under heavy fire. Will they survive? If not, will censorship persist in subtler and perhaps more offensive forms? What effect might these new forms have on tomorrow's movies? To answer such questions, we must reappraise the contrivances by which our pictures are regulated and the present status of the endless battle between those who have faith in freedom and those who fear it.

Their Brothers' Keepers

Those who fear freedom have promoted more agencies to shield us from sin than could be crowded into a Cinerama screen. Seven states and some sixty municipalities have established boards of censors authorized to decide what pictures or portions of pictures citizens can safely be exposed to.

The New York State statute is typical. It authorizes a state censorship board under the Board of Regents of the Department of Education. No movie can be shown publicly unless it has first been approved by the censors, who may refuse a license to any subject which they regard as "obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or . . . of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime. . ."

In addition to the censorship exercised by state and municipal authorities, many Federal Departments and agencies exert a less official but equally officious control. The Treasury, State, Defense, and Commerce Departments are all in a position, because of their capacity to grant or withhold favors, to veto or materially alter movie projects which they regard as harmful to the public welfare or to their own repute.

To diminish the pressure of state and national censorship and to assure "a good name for the industry," the Motion Picture Association, composed of the seven major Hollywood producing and distributing companies, together with a limited number of independents, imposes its own brand of self-regulatory discipline. Its Code is based on three irreproachable postulates:

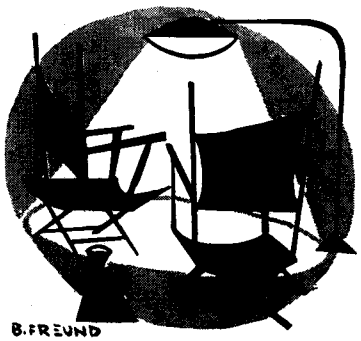
"First, no picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence, the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

"Second, correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

"Third, law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

The effectiveness of the Code Authority is indicated by the fact that until recently ninety-eight per cent of the pictures produced in the United States bore the seal of its approval.

BUT PRESSURE groups of many hues have sought from the earliest nickelodeon days not only to impose their own moral, patriotic, or political credos on our screens but also to banish all others. As the times have become tenser and more complex,



these efforts have intensified, until today they constitute the most insidious and rapidly expanding form of censorship to which pictures are subjected. Indeed, so many of our citizens feel themselves both ordained and competent to decide what films should say, how they should say it, and even who should say it, that bedeviled picture producers frequently complain that every American is apparently an expert in two businesses—his own and the movies.

No Moving While Nude!

The first form of censorship I encounter as an importer of foreign films is exercised by the U.S. Customs Bureau. I assume (although I have heard it argued to the contrary) that its officials are well versed in matters of trade and tariffs, but I question their competency to pass on moral or aesthetic issues. For instance, more than twenty years ago an unusual film, "Ecstasy," was produced in Czechoslovakia, with one scene consisting solely of a close-up of the face of its leading lady, Hedy Kiesler, later Lamarr. Although there could have been little doubt in the minds of most adults as to the nature of the experience she was enacting, only the prurient could consider the sequence pornographic. Yet the Customs inspectors were aghast at this and other frank episodes in the picture. Eventually the problem was deposited on Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau's desk. A worthy and serious-minded man, he decided that in a matter of so delicate a nature the services of an expert were required. The expert proved to be none other than Mrs. Morgenthau. What was eventually adjudged harmless to American virtue was the mangled remnants of a once remarkable production. On a subsequent occasion, the Treasury brass were similarly disconcerted by a French film, "White Legs," in which for a fleeting instant there was a glimpse not only of the leading lady's white legs but also of her white *derrière*. This shot was judged obscene because she was "moving while nude."

In addition to the Treasury Department, both the State Department and the Department of Commerce keep a watchful eye on proposed pictures. They realize the profound effect that American movies exert all over the world on our prestige and the appreciation of democratic institutions. They lack the legal authority to forbid the showing of an American picture abroad, but they can often bring sufficient pressure to bear on producers to make it inexpedient to export films which they regard as potentially harmful. As a practical consequence films so regarded will

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not knowingly be made in Hollywood, since approximately forty-four per cent of the revenue of American film companies and frequently all of their profits, if any, result from foreign distribution.

GOVERNMENT intervention of this nature might have something to recommend it if our bureaucrats did not suffer from the delusion that no pictures that fail to present the United States as a paradise on earth should be seen by foreigners. Obsessed by a similar superstition, the Russians portray life in the Soviet Union as a Marxian miracle come true. The unfortunate people of Europe, thanks to Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, have had years of intimate experience with propaganda of every variety and many of them have built up a healthy immunity to it. Far from being impressed by pictures that portray conditions anywhere in the world as Utopian, they greet them with ribald derision. They are, however, hugely impressed by movies such as "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Death of a Salesman," which indicate that Americans still retain the priceless privilege of criticizing themselves.

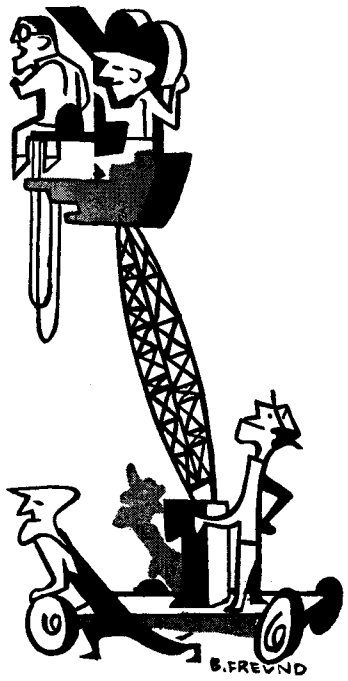
Take as a specific example the memorable "Grapes of Wrath." Today this treatment of the plight of the Okies would probably be attacked here as subversive, but when a pirated print of it was exhibited in Czechoslovakia not long ago, the reaction proved the very opposite of what both American and Czech authorities had anticipated. The audiences wasted no sympathy on our migrant workers. On the contrary, they marveled at a country where even the poorest people possessed automobiles.

New bureaucrats are constantly being indoctrinated. The United States Information Service recently sought to persuade the producers of "From Here to Eternity" not to distribute that superb film abroad.

Other Departments of the government continue to exercise what amounts to censorship over projects with which they are not in sympathy. It took close to two years, for instance, for Stanley Kramer to persuade the Navy to give its blessing to the filming of "The Caine Mutiny." To compensate for the offensive title, the Navy requested an opening sequence pointing out that no mutiny has ever been recorded in the annals of our Navy.

Let's Be Nice to Hitler

A similar form of pressure is exerted directly or indirectly by foreign powers. When Walter Wanger produced "Blockade" in 1938, he was criticized by many Americans for pulling his punches. General Franco reacted differently. He threatened to ban all



United Artists pictures if foreign distribution of "Blockade" continued. Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" was bought for the movies but never produced for fear of giving offense to Hitler and Mussolini, whose favor some still thought could be courted by such means.

Chauvinism, however, expands with every concession made to it, and a business-minded Republican State Department seems no better prepared to combat it than its Democratic predecessor. Only recently, Iran complained about "Mr. Imperium" because it dealt with a king who fell madly in love with a singer. India found fault with a Metro news clip showing refugees escaping from the Russian sector of Berlin, and Egypt banned "Walk East on Beacon" because showing it might be resented by the Soviets.

If any recognizable foreigner is portrayed unfavorably in any picture, the producer may find all of his product barred from circulation in the offended nation. As a consequence of the sensitivities of sovereign states from the Cape of Good Hope to Baffin Bay, not to mention those of minority groups at home, there is such a paucity of available movie villains that only a middle-aged American Protestant, engaged in no apparent occupation, living in no identifiable community, belonging to no party, clubs, or fraternal organizations, can safely be drafted for such a role.

The Law's Delays

"A case of sorts can be made for censorship," Heywood Broun once said, "if you can imagine the job being administered by the wisest man in the world or one of his five or six closest rivals." American censors fall considerably short of this standard. Few of them are educators or men or women of distinction in the arts or sciences. A digest of their rulings over the past forty years would be a case study in the follies of suppression.

For example, a newsreel clip showed Bernarr Macfadden on his eighty-fourth birthday donning a parachute and jumping out of an airplane. He landed in the Seine. Wet but unshaken, he remarked, "By God, that was terrific!" This comment was printed in practically every American newspaper, but in Ohio it was deemed unfit for the ears of movie audiences.

The most dramatic as well as socially valuable sequence in John Steinbeck's "The Forgotten Village" consisted of a scene of childbirth in a remote, superstition-ridden Mexican village. The entire episode was expurgated as indecent by the New York State Board of Censors. Not long thereafter they expanded this precedent by banning "The Private Life of a Cat" because it contained a scene showing the birth of a litter of kittens. The "Forgotten Village" decision was appealed to the New York State Board of Regents, who overruled the censors and ordered the scene reinstated.

"The Miracle," a distinguished film made by Roberto Rossellini, was shown all through devout Italy without clergy or laymen suspecting that what they witnessed was sacri-

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legious. Nor did it occur to the New York censors, who, since the appointment of Dr. Hugh Flick as their chief, have become increasingly broad-minded in their decisions. Nevertheless, such intense pressure was exerted upon the Regents that for the first time in their history they overruled an affirmative decision by the board and revoked the film's license. In a memorable decision, the Supreme Court reversed an opinion that had stood uncontroverted since 1915 and unanimously agreed that "motion pictures are a significant medium for the communication of ideas" and as such are "included within the free speech and free press guarantee of the First and Fourteenth Amendments." Now a layman might assume that the Court was declaring movie censorship unconstitutional. Nothing of the sort. The Court confined itself to ruling that the word "sacrilegious" as used in the New York statute was too vague and indefinite to furnish adequate guidance to the censors.

FOLLOWING this precedent, the Court has now overruled the banning of the film "La Ronde" in New York, where it was considered "immoral," and of "M" in Ohio, where it was regarded as "tending to incite to crime." Although no written decision was handed down by the Court to explain its unanimous decision, it apparently decided the state statutes were too vague. Even the most ardent supporters of the statutes now admit that if they are to survive they must be rewritten and made more specific.

As to the constitutionality of the present licensing system, the Court itself has been pretty vague. Only Justices Black and Douglas have so far been willing to follow the "Miracle" decision to its logical conclusion. In an opinion with which their confrères neither disagree nor concur, they maintain that "censorship in advance of public presentation cannot be upheld as constitutional" in a nation "where every writer, actor, or producer, no matter what medium he may use," is entitled to freedom of expression.

It now appears that the Court won't answer the question definitely until some exhibitor serves as a legal guinea pig and exhibits a picture

that has not been submitted to any censorship board.

Of course, the abolition of state licensing might lead to even less tolerable conditions than now exist. In every community the police are vested with the authority to suppress what they regard as obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy. If someone is to be given authority to pass on what films may or may not be shown, I would personally prefer to have it entrusted to Dr. Flick or Mrs. Edna Carroll, the Pennsylvania censor, than to any police sergeant I have ever met.

It is true that an appeal from such rulings can be made to the courts. This may constitute adequate protection for dealers in books or paintings, but a film exhibitor stakes his week's income on the one feature on his marquee rather than on a variety of attractions in his windows. If that feature is banned before its first showing, all of his pre-opening merchandising and lobby displays are wasted, and his house goes dark until some other desirable picture becomes available.

Municipalities have at their disposal other devious methods fully as effective as censor boards or police authorities. Some years ago I signed a contract for the first run of Howard Hughes's "The Outlaw" in New York City. The film had been approved by the state censors, but the city License Commissioner threatened to cancel our license and close our theater if we dared show it. In addition, I was suddenly flooded with complaints from the police and fire departments about supposed violations of municipal regulations that had never disturbed them before. Under the circumstances, we advised Mr. Hughes that the attitude of the City Fathers made it impossible for us to live up to our contract. Thereupon, as we had anticipated, he instituted a suit demanding that regardless of obstacles we fulfill our obligations. To my dismay, we won the case. The court ruled that we did not have to play the picture, much as we wanted to do so.

Protect the Kiddies

The primary argument for censorship is usually the necessity for protecting young minds from contact with sights or ideas unsuited to their tender years. But it is unbearable that a medium designed for adult entertainment should be permanently hobbled by the mental and moral requirements of the immature. Spiritually perhaps a little child should lead us, but not theatrically. The realistic British and Canadians meet the situation by classifying some pictures as unfit for juvenile patronage, and Dr. Flick has suggested that this be done in New York.

Actually, the coming of television has made the "protect-the-kiddies" argument obsolete. It should be obvious by now, even to the most militant crusader, that if young America is to be immune from nightmares and a premature acquaintance with the facts of life, we shall have to rely less on laws and more on sensible parents.

For many years the most effective control of movie content was enforced by the hierarchy of the motion-picture industry itself. Under the industry's Production Code Authority, the major companies, as Mary Pickford once remarked, "are both Congress and the Supreme Court." Neither independent producers, importers, Hollywood Guilds, nor exhibitors had any voice in drawing up the Code or in its operation.

AS ERIC JOHNSTON has pointed out, the Code, like the U.S. Constitution, can be kept a "living document" through amendments and interpretations. Unfortunately, however, amendment has proceeded so tardily that despite years of effort, Martin Quigley, the man most responsible for the content of the Code, has been unable to have its ban on films dealing with miscegenation revoked. Its interpretations have frequently been puritanical and puerile.

When the late Joseph Burstyn and I imported "Open City," we were re-

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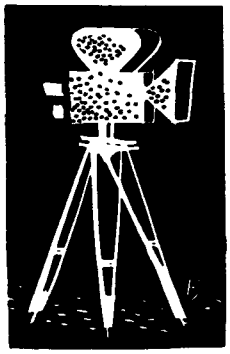
fused a seal until we eliminated a scene showing an infant seated on a chamber pot. A somewhat similar requirement was made with "The Bicycle Thief," in one part of which a small boy was shown yielding to the demands of nature and in another was shown straying into a house of ill fame, where a trade was conducted of which he was as completely unaware as any child who might have strayed into the theater audience would be. Neither of these scenes was eliminated from "The Bicycle Thief," and as a result this world-famous picture had to be shown in the United States without the approval of the Motion Picture Association. It grossed less than one-third as much as "Open City."

In "Cease Fire," a semi-documentary performed by actual Army personnel in Korea and designed to show the irony of the phrase "a quiet day at the front," Owen Krump, the director, had the temerity to permit his G.I.s to speak as fighting men invariably do. The offensive words "hell" and "damn" were ordered eliminated by the Production Code Authority before Paramount could release the picture.

In the original British version of "Captain's Paradise," Alec Guinness solves an age-old male dilemma by having two wives. With one he leads an exemplary domestic existence in Gibraltar, while with the other in Kalik, across the Strait, he spends his nights in joyful carousing. The keepers of the Code found this arrangement "thoroughly and completely unacceptable" until a prologue and epilogue were added, pointing out that the whole story was only a fairy tale. In addition it was made to appear that Guinness, while married in Gibraltar, was only living in sin in North Africa. Apparently adultery is less reprehensible than bigamy.

There's danger that even such a liberalized interpretation of the Code as Mr. Johnston favors may prove too little and too late. Until recently, five theater chains dominated the key showings of films in the United States. These circuits were wholly owned and operated by five major picture-producing companies. Their executives had no recourse except to make the possession of the seal the *sine qua non* of a picture's exhibition on their screens. This is no longer the case. The producers have been ordered by the courts to divest themselves of their theater holdings. As a consequence, no one can any longer dictate to these circuits what to exhibit and what not to exhibit.

For the first test of this new dispensation, the Motion Picture Association was so ill advised as to select the film version of "The Moon Is Blue," which as a play had run for over two years on Broadway. Nowhere in its thirty-five-city road tour had it been regarded as other than a moderately witty, innocuous comedy with a semi-sophisticated line of chatter. On the screen, however, this chatter, which includes words in common use in the best society, such as "seduce," "pregnant," "mistress," and "virgin," made "The Moon Is Blue" sound much too blue for the Code Authority. The picture magnate who cast the decisive vote reportedly found the story offensive because in it a young woman spends the night in a bachelor's apartment and retains her virtue. Indeed, the young couple wind up the next morning respectably affianced. This gratifying denouement, he argued, might encourage his daughter or yours to indulge in similar intimacies with less commendable consequences.



Undeterred, United Artists, the leading independent distributor, proceeded to handle the picture, and now seems certain to gross at least four million dollars for its pains. One important circuit head is reported to have said, "We can't play it in the United States, but we want it for Canada."

Are Our Movies Subversive?

By and large, clerical spokesmen have not dealt too severely with the picture industry. They are well within their rights when they confine themselves to warning their communicants against films which they deem sacrilegious or indecent or when they emphasize the necessity for Hollywood's maintaining wholesome standards of conduct and good taste both in its films and in the private lives of its glamorous personalities.

The new pressures to which picture makers are being subjected are of an ideological rather than a religious nature. They are exercised by groups who seek through misrepresentation and intimidation to decide what should and what should not be shown on the American screen. They aim to deprive their fellow citizens of the right to see and hear what they choose and to decide for themselves what is good and what is bad.

The most flagrant recent attack on the freedom of the screen occurred in connection with Charles Chaplin's "Limelight." In spite of his personal idiosyncrasies and confused social theories, Chaplin has not only contributed more than any other living man to the art of the movies but has also been one of its greatest box-office attractions. Rarely in the past have his new films played in less than twelve thousand theaters. As a result primarily of American Legion hostility to Chaplin, "Limelight" has been booked by only thirteen hundred exhibitors.

HOLLYWOOD has rarely ventured far into the field of films concerned with political or economic conditions. Nevertheless, one or two features of this type have appeared almost annually, providing a striking contrast to the mass of strictly escapist material that constitutes the industry's major contribution to American life. Even this small trickle has now dried up. One of the distributors of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" recently assured me that a remake of this fine picture, which showed some of our lawmakers in a less than favorable light, could not possibly be undertaken today. Even the mild legitimate comedy "Affairs of State" was passed up as potential dynamite by all the major picture companies.

Old movies as well as new stories are being shelved. After Harry War-

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ner emerged from testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee, he decided to issue instructions to take out of circulation, even by the educational film libraries, three great social documents that had made his company famous: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "The Story of Louis Pasteur," and "Emile Zola."

In the absence of movies against which they can direct their fire, the zealots have concentrated their attack on those who make and perform in the pictures. Vigilantes picketed the Beverly Hills theater where "Death of a Salesman" was being shown, calling Stanley Kramer, its producer, "notorious for his Red-slanted, Red-starred films." Hedda Hopper appeared before the Theatre Owners Association and urged them to refuse to play films featuring José Ferrer or Judy Holliday, both of whom have been cleared of subversive charges.

Talented writers, directors, and actors have been banished from the screen because they have naïvely although with good intentions permitted groups later identified as Communist fronts to use their names, or like Carl Foreman, author of "High Noon," were once so misguided as to subscribe to the delusion that Communism might prove a boon to humanity.

Such suppressions deprive the industry of gifted people, for the same nonconformist traits that make some young men question the sacrosanct nature of the established order may lead them in their maturity to reexamine the accepted concepts of moviemaking.

Nowadays, the course of discretion is to focus a less than candid camera on an ivory tower.

OUR MOVIES have survived the depredations of censor boards, government agencies, and self-regulation, but their future is dark indeed if the test of their suitability for public showing has become their political or economic orthodoxy and blameless private lives of those who make them. There is little hope for good films dealing with the realities of modern life if such attacks are not resisted, resisted both by those who make films and by those who look at them.

CHANNELS:

Those D--n Commercials

MARYA MANNES

I SPENT much of a recent day watching commercials interrupted by programs. This, I need hardly say, was a reversal of the usual procedure in which a film closes over the eyes and the ear passages at the beginning of a commercial and lifts again at the end. This time, by heaven, I was going to concentrate on them to the exclusion of all else, trying to find out just which commercials were tolerable and why, and which were intolerable and why.

Impressive reports have been circulated—the latest from Edward L. Bernays, a public-relations expert—in which sharp criticism of most TV commercials has been shared by viewers and agencies alike; but these have been general and I was anxious to be more specific and, if possible, more constructive. It was not much use just saying "Oh, God" over and over again.

So this is my private report on commercials, open to the usual charges of subjectivity, at variance probably with the reactions of many other viewers.

'I Don't Mind . . .'

My first category was to be "Commercials I Like," but I was brought up short by the fact that the only entries were not so much commercials, in the sense of selling a specific product, as institutional ads devoted to keeping the name and achievements of a corporation in the public consciousness. The documentaries that accompany "March of Medicine" on NBC, "See It Now" on CBS, and "The United States Steel Hour" on ABC interest me because the intricacy and might of American production interest me. But in the straight selling field, I found that my top category had to be reduced to "Commercials I Don't Mind."

I found that I could not honestly like any commercial; I would have preferred in each instance a blank and quiet screen. But the commercials I did not mind—could look at, let us say, without acute boredom or revulsion—were in all instances the animations accompanied by jingles. I did not mind the Bubble Action in Bab-O, embodied in a cheerful little blob who jumps out of a can and cleans an impossibly dirty sink in one frothing swoosh. I did not mind the clothes that had faces and danced about on the washline and sang that Oxydol Beats the Sun. I did not mind Ehlers' coffee and the little Ehlers jars carolling a ditty, or the spin curlers of Toni home permanent, or the male and female clothespins duetting for Duz. These and others like them were brisk, cheerful, silly, ingenious, and quickly over.

THE COMMERCIALS I minded most were those delivered by frenetic male pitchmen. Some of them have faces that belong in a psychology textbook or a police line-up; their voices, gravelly or fruity, would, if requesting admittance at your back door, warrant the unleashing of Rover; their clothes (dragging jacket, puckered shoulders, and drooping collar points) are unspeakable. I would never in my wildest moments invite any of them into my home, but there they are in the living room forcing a vacuum cleaner or a can of dog food on me with one foot in the door and their faces pressed close to mine. Since their continued presence on TV indicates some measure of success in selling, I can only shudder at the type that is persuaded by them.

The crux of the matter is that while the sales resistance of a harassed and hurried shopper may break down under urgency and pressure, they have no justification in the case of a woman sitting quietly at home, who—by the mere fact of watching TV—would seem to have plenty of time to make her shopping choice.

I am happy to say, however, that

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this kind of selling is gradually giving way to a more civilized approach. I have noticed a few male barkers lately whom one might just conceivably want to meet. They are of the Garry Moore breed—relaxed, intelligent, casual, and slightly tweedy. You can imagine them liking Mozart, taking dogs for walks, or even reading. They sell, to be sure, but with a disarming lack of urgency—an "I don't know much about this but it's probably pretty good" sort of manner.

The calm, urbane approach flowers most in the night hours, when worldly and custom-made men like Dick Stark look at you intimately through spirals of cigarette smoke and speak gently of the horrors to come on the network and the joys of a cigarette preferred by better people. At any moment, you feel, they will offer you a drink. I can see how women in need of gallantry (however remote) might respond to this. I don't happen to smoke.

Following hyperthyroid salesmen on the "Intense Dislike" list are men in white coats pretending to be doctors and men in overalls pretending to be workmen. I cannot believe that they fool anybody. Whether they do or not, they debase the occupations they assume and the products they sell. Is there not some clause in the advertising code about "false and misleading statements," and would this not apply also to false and misleading characters?

Transgressing equally—and a source of enormous irritation to me—are the radiant ladies who hold up white and flawlessly manicured hands after presumed immersions in a sinkful of detergent and tell you how it "pampers soft and lovely skin." I doubt if there is a woman alive who has not discovered that while a detergent may not actually tear your skin off, it may well leave your hands like canvas. Any substance strong enough to cut grease cannot possibly benefit skin. "Pamper" is nonsense.

The Smell Sell

I do not like commercials in which women smell or stroke their wash. I have never yet seen a woman who smelt her laundry after washing or held a diaper to her cheek to feel how soft it was after Duzzing or

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The **Reporter**

220 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

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Drefting. Laundering is not a sensuous experience.

I loathe, with a virulent loathing, the use of the word "yes" as in "Yes, folks," or "Yes, ladies," without which nothing, apparently, can be sold on the air.

Now some of these criticisms may be dismissed as personal and captious, and all of them can be countered by the question, "But what instead? Advertising will continue to support television for the foreseeable future—how are advertisers supposed to sell their goods without resorting to such commercials?"

I would answer that they must begin right now to revise many of their concepts if they are to hold their audience. There is no question that the rebellion against commercials is rising daily. One after another, the persons queried in reports such as the Bernays one have used the words "insufferably repetitious, irritating, boring, phony, misleading, repulsive, moronic, tasteless," and, above all, "defeating their own ends." One man said: "Obviously, most advertisers rely on the old advertising rule of repetition. They forget that repetition can be overdone to the point where it creates consumer animosity."

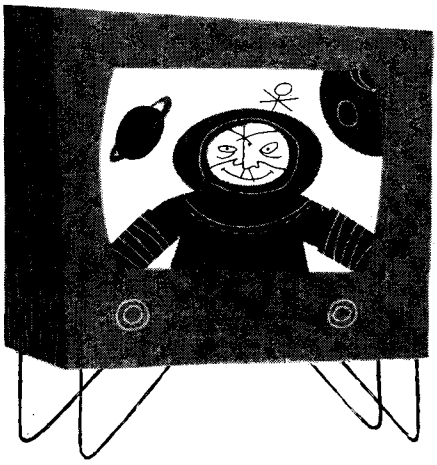
They forget that their audience is not so dumb that it has to be told the same thing ten times over. They forget that brevity and truthfulness are far more impressive than length and exaggeration.

Above all, they should learn that the best way to sell is to entertain and to inform, that television is a new and miraculous medium for both, and that they are doing neither. They are still back in the early days of the circus barkers, attempting, with coyness, noise, and hyperbole, to lure the crowd inside.

A Few Suggestions

The advertisers should do a great deal more in the field of animation and music, the conjunction of which in imaginative and original hands could make commercials an addition instead of an intrusion. Much of the animation on TV is still in the early Disney stage of development. Let the boys have a look at some of the things animators are doing in the movies ("Madeleine" and "The Emperor Has No Clothes") and get busy with Cheer and Fab.

Nowhere near enough is being done in the field of documentary advertising: showing the consumer how the product is actually made. Good pictures of textile machines, cosmetic manufacture, or soapmaking can fascinate and convince, and I can think of no better way of building up consumer confidence than the sight of the specific wonders of American production, packaging, and distribution. Here is the visual "proof of the pudding"; not the glistening hair of the Shasta or Drene model who may privately, for all we know, shampoo with some-



thing else, or in the gardenia hands of the Dreft model who probably wears gloves when she washes dishes. There is actually no performance proof possible on TV, unless the camera were to stick inexorably with a girl during the whole process, say, of having a Lilt home permanent from curler to comb-out. And even that would not confirm either the texture or the durability of the wave. Here is the root of much of the phoniness in commercials: the assumption that because you are shown something—hair, hands, wash, floor —the glory of which is attributed to a certain product, why then this product in fact produced that glory.

Here again, TV advertisers have neglected one of their greatest potential assets: ordinary people. The few times I have seen some housewife invited by an M.C. to explain why she uses the product in question, I have found her halting and inelegant explanation of its virtues far more convincing than the announcer's creamy flow. Advertisers should, wherever possible, have their selling done by unprofessional users rather than by professional talkers. I will buy something if Mary Brown says it did fine by her. I will not buy it on the word of a man paid to tell me how good it is.

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

It would be wonderful indeed if the sponsors and the advertisers were to come to these conclusions themselves. But new approaches will not cure the commercial blight unless, first and foremost, they themselves adopt a time code for commercials which is rigidly and universally adhered to. I would suggest as a starter that they be limited to about eight per cent of the total time instead of the eighteen per cent now occupied by them.

The next step would be to prohibit any interruption of a performance (play, ballet, concert, or opera) by a commercial, whether the performance lasted fifteen minutes or an hour, the advertiser being obliged to use his allotted time at the beginning and end only. No single commercial would be permitted to exceed two minutes in length. The position, character, and placement of the commercial would be under the final jurisdiction of the network and not of the sponsor, so that the situation could not exist where the climactic line of a fine drama is followed—with shocking immediacy—by a deodorant ad.

There would be plenty of complications. How to classify, for instance, those programs which are in reality nothing more than a steady stream of commercials—the giveaway shows, the "beauty-advice" shows, the housewife-jamboree shows? These are little more than frames for the presentation of products ranging from watches to Deepfreezes, and the line between "entertainment" and "advertisement" is so faint as to be imperceptible.

I can hear, in any case, the derision of many sponsors and perhaps some agency boys as they read this heresy. They have a stock answer: "TV sales are at an all-time high. TV time is so expensive that we can't afford to throw our money away."

Your money, gentlemen, is your audience. And you can't afford to throw *that* away.

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The Strength and Weakness Of Soviet Military Doctrine

ROBERT KNAPP

SOVIET MILITARY DOCTRINE, by Raymond L. Garthoff. *The Free Press. $7.50.*

WARFARE is one of mankind's most ancient and chronic activities, but only recently has there been continuous analytical examination of what can be called its theoretical aspects. Even today it is unlikely that any except professional soldiers have more than a vague awareness of the body of thought that constitutes pure military theory. For this reason it is difficult to assess the meaning and importance of *Soviet Military Doctrine.*

A better understanding of the book and its purpose may be gained from the circumstances of its preparation. Its author is on the staff of the RAND Corporation, the objects and purposes of which are without precedent in our armed forces or in any other. Formed some seven years ago for the United States Air Force, its name was taken from the familiar term "research and development." So far as information on its work is available, its personnel ranges from mathematicians to sociologists. Instead of being directed to the development and design of specific weapons, it is concerned with the future type of bomber or radar equipment most useful under the circumstances that may be expected to prevail when they can be made operational.

The primary field of military intelligence is the evaluation of existing and known facts and plans. RAND has as a vital part of its purpose the formidable task of attempting to forecast what size and form certain forces, matériel, and so on may have in the future.

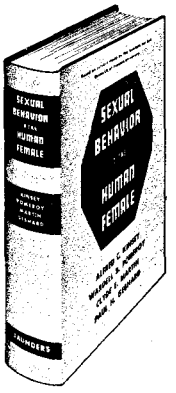
Of central importance to a scheme of this type is analysis of the thought processes and intellectual environment of the leaders of Soviet Russia. To this end, RAND has already published a number of important studies of Russian political development.

The Rules They Play By

In *Soviet Military Doctrine* the author has analyzed Russian military thinking, not on the plane of the tactics and technique of the employment of specific formations such as infantry divisions, but primarily on the plane of the premises and postulates that are applied to all echelons.

The difference between a field marshal and a corporal is one of degree rather than type, the writings of certain former German officers to the contrary notwithstanding. Battlefield success for both depends upon the application of certain principles; the field marshal has learned how to apply these principles to armies, the corporal to a dozen or fewer men. This factor of universal applica-

In understandable and meaningful terms



It was not the Kinsey group, to be sure, which discovered the existence of a difference between men and women in the matter of psychologic responses.

On the other hand, it is a generally recognized fact that the Kinsey Report's chapter on PSYCHOLOGIC FACTORS AFFECTING SEXUAL RESPONSE is the first successful effort to interpret this basic difference *in terms understandable and meaningful to the average layman.*

The book can help women better understand themselves. And a thorough reading of it can, as one reviewer pointed out, "make any *man* a more understanding husband."

By ***Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard,*** and others at the ***Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.***

842 pages, $8.00 at your bookseller

Published by W. B. Saunders Company

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bility of certain principles within the armed forces of a nation makes an understanding of those principles essential to an evaluation of its future military policies and operations. Thus in 1940 the Germans profited from the French emphasis on the defensive.

It is naturally impossible for any reviewer outside the Soviet Union to say whether or not *Soviet Military Doctrine* has reached correct conclusions in its analysis of Red military theory. It can be said that the book bears the stamp of painstaking scholarship and sound reasoning. On only one point do I take any important issue with the author: his acceptance of the Russian boast that the Japanese army in Manchuria was "defeated" by the Soviet effort after Hiroshima.

One can well risk saying that if the author proves wrong in certain respects, it will be only as the result of fundamental ideological shifts in Russia. The book is oriented on what it terms "Stalinist military science" (the Russians' own term). That fact in itself would seem to indicate that changes are likely.

However, there are fundamentals of Red military theory that are not likely to be altered a great deal by any mere ideological shifts. Stalin himself molded his military pronouncements to inherent Russian circumstances that cannot be changed by new directions of the party line. Moreover, when the purely military theory is separated from politico-military tenets, we see that it does not differ greatly from some teachings that are accepted by all the other important military powers. And even in the politico-military realm there is a great deal which was termed "Stalinist" but which actually is of much older origin.

Incessant Struggle

It is important to bear in mind, as Garthoff brings out, that Communism itself is in a sense a military doctrine in that it rests on the thesis of struggle. As he says: "The central question in Bolshevik thinking is not 'Will there be a conflict?' but 'What form of conflict is most advantageous for us to use to destroy the enemy?' Who will prevail over whom? . . .

"So long as this idea . . . remains, there can be no lasting peace for the Soviet leaders until the enemy is totally annihilated. Annihilation is considered to be the *necessary* and *sole* alternative to being annihilated. . . ."

On its face, this thesis might seem to answer our questions as to ultimate Soviet plans and intentions. And however fantastic it may seem to us, it appears that the Soviet leaders are convinced that our ultimate aim is to destroy them by military means.

However, this kill-or-be-killed concept furnishes merely the "why" of Soviet military intent. It does not supply the "how." If we are to de-

fend ourselves successfully against Russia either by war or by measures short of war, we must address ourselves to the means that we may expect the U.S.S.R.'s leaders to adopt in implementing their thesis.

The means of pursuing the struggle are furnished by other "Leninist-Stalinist" precepts. Time and again the top Soviet leaders in their analyses of the Second World War have emphasized the importance of following "sound Communist tenets" in military operations. Repeatedly they have condemned hasty and daring operations—no matter how great the immediate gain—as "adventuristic."

The Soviet alternative to "adventurism" is what Garthoff writes of as the "Bolshevik concern with 'planting' and thus 'controlling' actions." As we know, this belief in the complete ability to control future events through planning is a cardinal doctrine of Communism in the economic sphere.

Its application to military affairs should have particular significance for the powers that are arrayed against Russia. For, as Garthoff states: "The alternative [to planning] is either to fall victim to 'chance' or, even worse, to be 'provoked' into the 'dependent' position of merely countering action instituted by enemy initiative."

This Soviet emphasis on planning and on fear of enemy initiative should be borne in mind by all those in this country and in Europe who cherish the theory of neutralism. Especially should it be impressed upon those who fear that this or that counteraction on our part will provoke Russia into starting a third world war.

Not only Soviet doctrine but Soviet military history indicates that Russia will launch an offensive war only if and when its leaders wish. And if Russia desires it, if planning has brought the Communist high command to the point of launching war, nothing but capitulation is likely to turn it aside.

Encirclement and Dialectics

Garthoff points out that "Encirclement, as a form of isolation of part of the hostile force from the main enemy center (in both the command and geographic senses), is comparable to the political strategy of attempting to isolate potential or actual parts of the enemy coalition." We have ample and grim examples of the attempted application of these principles in the cases of Greece, Iran, Berlin, and Korea.

Encirclement and defeat in detail are ancient as military strategies or tactics. Nor are they new in the field of power politics. What is new is the Soviet insistence upon military operations' being conducted in a dialectically "correct" manner. Ironically enough, it was Hitler's mania for relatively minor encirclements that brought about his downfall in Russia. Hitler failed not because his plan was "adventuristic" but because he himself discarded it. Hitler turned in the fall of 1941 from the objective of Moscow to the piecemeal encirclement of Russian units. He thus sacri-

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ficed vital time that could never be regained.

It does not appear likely that the Russians would fall into a similar error. There is little of opportunism in their military doctrine. One is impressed rather by its inherently cautious, even conservative character. The paradox is that the conservative nature of Soviet military doctrine is directly derived from the principles of Marxist-Leninism.

The Dominant Army

It would be a grave mistake indeed to infer that Russian military inactivity—or political inactivity—during any period of time is an indication of abandonment of offensive intentions. Marxism and military doctrine alike stress the importance of consolidating gains before resuming the advance. Consolidation too is an ancient military precept, but along with encirclement and defeat in detail it takes on new meaning in the Russian fusion of military and political doctrine.

As the author states, "Soviet doctrine proceeds from [the] perspective of continuous (although not necessarily armed) struggle to the death. Peace is referred to by the Soviets as providing a 'breathing spell.'"

We are accustomed to thinking of the Army, Navy, and Air Force as co-ordinate services. Ordinarily we do not consider any one of the three dominant. The relative positions of the three in Russia are well illustrated by the composition of Garthoff's work. Although it was undertaken for our Air Force, it is almost entirely devoted to the ground forces. The reason is that Soviet military doctrine is army doctrine; the other two services are subordinate to the army.

There is no such entity as the Russian Air Force as there is a United States Air Force and a Royal Air Force. There has never been a Ministry for Air. Instead there are seven air forces. The largest of these, comprising about two-thirds of total Soviet air strength, is the vvs, or Army Air Force. Its mission is to support ground operations.

The relative positions of the Russian armed services were definitively set forth by the commander of the vvs on Air Force Day in 1949. After condemning "the completely distorted view that the outcome of a war can be settled by one kind of weapon alone," he said: "Only Stalinist military strategy yields the correct scientific solution to the question of the main factors deciding the outcome of a war. These main factors are not to be found in this or that armed service; they are formulated in Stalin's brilliant principle of the permanently acting factors deciding the fate of wars."

From their abhorrence of "adventurism," from their emphasis on planning, and from their negation of the effectiveness of a "single weapon," it is reasonable to infer that Russia's leaders will not undertake total offensive war until they are assured of victory in all elements, land, sea, and air.

Commanders as Messengers

This extremely important book holds much more than can be covered in this review. We can take encouragement from the Soviet insistence upon rigid and detailed adherence to prior plans even when they result in repeated disaster. We can note with satisfaction that the Bolshevik fetish of "centralism" and "monolithic unity" reduces military initiative to an incredible minimum.

Time after time the author emphasizes the degree to which a commander's initiative is limited. As the author reviews the flow of orders from echelon to echelon, we see that one of the key functions of a commander right up to division level or higher is "to make more precise the task of [subordinate] units." In other words, the commander appears to be essentially a messenger who merely makes a more exact disposition of his troops in accordance with a plan formulated for him. In our Army, down to the smallest unit, the leader is given a mission and has full power to make his own plans and dispositions to accomplish that mission.

In principle at least, except for apparent disregard of losses, the Russian employment of infantry, artillery, and tanks does not appear to differ greatly from our own. In armored combat the Russian appears to favor employment in great mass more than we have in recent years. While the Red Army practices the mass employment of artillery as we do, it does not seem to emphasize or have the means for the flexible massing of fire that has made American artillery so deadly.

To one familiar with our increasingly "democratic" present-day Army, there must be considerable irony in Garthoff's statement that "Today the Soviet Army officer corps is more of a caste than it is in any other major army. . . . Privates must even salute corporals; and company and field grade officers are not considered social equals."

It is no surprise to read that the "human sea" assaults of the Chinese Communist hordes are in the soundest Soviet tradition, and we cannot fail to be impressed by the capacity of the Russian infantryman for grueling labor and incessant hardship. Nor should we overlook the fact that in the Second World War his leaders did not seek to command his loyalty by appeals in the jargon of "class struggle" and "imperialistic war." Instead they spoke in the simple, un-Marxian terms of defense of the homeland against foreign aggression.

It is from all of these factors and many more set forth in *Soviet Military Doctrine* that Russia's military position and intentions must be appraised. It is probably too much to expect this work to be widely read, but we can expect that it will be intensively studied by those who chart our future military and diplomatic courses.

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Aldous Huxley, Merchant of Mescalin

MARVIN BARRETT

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION, by Aldous Huxley. *Harper's. $1.50.*

"THERE is always *soma,* delicious *soma,* half a gramme for a half-holiday, a gramme for a week-end, two grammes for a trip to the gorgeous East, three for a dark eternity on the moon. . ."

Soma was the drug invented by Aldous Huxley to keep the regimented masses happy in his *Brave New World:* "One cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy sentiments." "All the advantages of Christianity and alcohol; none of their defects." "Euphoric, narcotic, pleasantly hallucinant." In its addiction to such anodynes as soma, modern materialism was to demonstrate its ultimate bankruptcy. The young Huxley made his nightmare prophecies seem uncomfortably real.

Mr. Huxley's latest book (a slim seventy-nine pages) presents an amazing *volte-face.* Now, after twenty-two soul-searching years, no longer an amused, illusionless skeptic but an eloquent apologist for neo-mysticism and the religion of experience, he offers another drug, this time not an imaginary one, to the literate layman. Its name is mescalin. Its nature, according to Huxley's account, is euphoric, narcotic, and pleasantly hallucinant.

Transforming Los Angeles

But if imaginary soma was to be the human race's damnation, real mescalin, says *The Doors of Perception,* can be at least its partial salvation. As an experiment last spring Huxley swallowed four-tenths of a gram in a glass of water and promptly embarked on more than a trip to the gorgeous Orient or a dark eternity on the moon. Puttering about in his California house under the alkaloid's influence, he experienced Eckhart's *Istigkeit,* the Being of Platonic philosophy, pure contemplation, Zen Buddhism's *satori,* and the Beatific Vision.

A nosegay of three flowers on his study table was transformed into "what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence." His books (their bindings, not their contents) took on an air of preternatural significance, glowing like rubies, emeralds, and lapis lazuli. The legs of a bamboo chair "were St. Michael and all angels," a piece of garden furniture blazed into a fiery Last Judgment. A blue sedan parked at the curb became a celestial joke that brought tears of uncontrollable laughter to Huxley's eyes, as did the appalling rush of Sunset Boulevard traffic. On a spin through the hideous suburbs of Los Angeles, "Brick chimneys and green composition roofs glowed in the sunshine, like fragments of the New Jerusalem."

That was enough. Huxley's fertile imagination began at once to speculate on the benefits to mankind of such a wonderful drug.

ANYTHING that can gild the bungalows of Burbank or North Hollywood with supernal beauty or make a laughing matter of Los Angeles traffic is obviously worth looking into. Especially if, as Huxley states, it is nontoxic, non-habit-forming, and leaves no unpleasant hangover for the following morning.

Indians in the Southwest and Mexico have evidently been getting mescalin for centuries by chewing peyote buttons, the fruit of a desert cactus, with approximately the same results as Huxley describes. However, scientists and psychiatrists are somewhat less enthusiastic than Mr. Huxley and the Indians. In controlled experiments they have found that mescalin (now manufactured synthetically) more often than not produces symptoms unpleasantly similar to those of schizophrenia: abnormal fears, panic, depression, indifference, apathy, and even antisocial violence. Nor has it been definitely established that long-term use has no cumulative ill effects. So far mescalin's value to medical science seems to be limited to aiding in the study of certain mental disorders and helping addicts while they are being weaned away from more toxic drugs.

The fascinating thing, however, about Huxley's mescalin is not so much whether it would "happily transform" the majority of its users, as he anticipates, or plunge them into a schizophrenic hell, as he admits is possible. What is really surprising in Huxley's testimonial for mescalin is all that it shows of his own state of mind. Coming from a lesser writer than Huxley, such suggestions for the salvation of mankind could be dismissed as the woolgathering of a misguided crackpot. But coming as they do from one of the current masters of English prose, a man of immense erudition and intellect who usually demonstrates a high moral seriousness, they deserve more careful scrutiny.

Inside Huxley

Huxley's attitude in the last two decades has been, to most critics, a highly exasperating one. An intellectual of the deepest dye, he has embraced a violent anti-intellectualism; a prodigious aesthete, he has dismissed art in all its forms as, in the final analysis, worthless, a distraction from reality, of lasting interest only to "beginners" or "the resolute dead-enders." He has sawed off the limb he himself is perched on a hundred times, and yet, like some character in an animated cartoon, he refuses to fall.

His critics have had some satisfaction from seeing his novels deteriorate under the weight of his moral message. But the satisfaction is far from complete. His literary artistry, wit, and erudition have been channeled into such impressive historical essays as *Grey Eminence* and *The Devils of Loudun.* His mysticism, perversely, has given his aestheticism and intellectuality a new lease on life.

Even in the brief compass of the present volume, Huxley decorates his pages with elegant and penetrating comments on everything from nonrepresentational art to the chromatic

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madrigals of Gesualdo. It is not in Huxley's power to be dull, even when he is at his most homiletic.

Knell of Disillusionment

And yet the sprawling supernatural vistas that made *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* and *Time Must Have a Stop* disturbing if not artistically satisfying books seem to be clouding over. Behind the stubborn affirmation of mystical conviction—"Reality remains unshakably itself and is of the same substance as the inner light of even the most cruelly tormented mind"—the knell of disillusionment and compromise here tolls more audibly than ever before in his writings.

"That humanity at large will ever be able to dispense with Artificial Paradises seems very unlikely," writes Huxley. "Most men and women lead lives at the worst so painful, at the best so monotonous, poor and limited that the urge to escape, the longing to transcend themselves if only for a few moments, is and has always been one of the principal appetites of the soul. Art and religion, carnivals and saturnalia, dancing and listening to oratory—all these have served, in H. G. Wells's phrase, as Doors in the Wall. And for private, for everyday use there have always been chemical intoxicants. All the vegetable sedatives and narcotics, all the euphorics that grow on trees, the hallucinogens that ripen in berries or can be squeezed from roots—all, without exception, have been known and systematically used by human beings from time immemorial. And to these natural modifiers of consciousness modern science has added its quota of synthetics: chloral, for example, and benzedrine, the bromides and the barbiturates. . . .

"Ideally, everyone should be able to find self-transcendence in some form of pure or applied religion. In practice it seems very unlikely that this hoped for consummation will ever be realized."

Substitute for Faith

And so as an alternative to creativity and faith in the ultimate goodness of God and man, in place of either Christianity or alcohol, as a cure for the ten times ten gloomy sentiments of 1954, Huxley offers us four grams of mescalin in a glass of water.

The Pagan Gods Live On

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE SNAKE LADY AND OTHER STORIES, by Vernon Lee. With an Introduction by Horace Gregory. *Grove Press. $3.50.*

THE SURVIVAL OF THE PAGAN GODS, by Jean Seznec. Translated from the French by Barbara F. Sessions. Bollingen Series XXXVIII. *Pantheon Books. $6.50.*

SARDINE fishermen had seen a Greek vessel entering "the thick of the storm-darkness," and when the storm subsided the bay was strewn with the wreckage of a ship's timbers. Only one survivor, a child lashed to a plank, was cast up in Italy on a sandy beach. Pinned to the child's garments was a parchment bearing in Greek letters the one word "Dionea," and the sisters of the convent which adopted her were greatly disturbed about baptizing her with such a pagan name—Dione was one of the innumerable loves of Zeus—until by a fortunate effect of the Church's feeling for historical continuity, it was discovered that a later Dionea had been a virgin and martyr in Antioch.

THE CHILD grew ever more beautiful, constantly more disquieting. When she stood in the terraced olive groves looking out at the sea from which she had risen, like Botticelli's Venus, though at a more tender age, white pigeons would circle round her. Wherever she went she inspired passion and disorder. Chaste and cold as marble, it was natural that she would recall the statues that were worshiped in Italy before the days of adversity came to the gods. It was natural enough that a sculptor should have her pose for his statue of Venus, and it does not seem unnatural, but only supernatural, when he ends by destroying the statue and offers blood sacrifice, his wife's life and his own, on the rose-strewn altar he had raised to his living, enigmatic model.

"Dionea" is one of eight stories of gods and ghosts in *The Snake Lady and Other Stories* by Vernon Lee, an English lady who wrote her first book, *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy,* in 1880. Through the years she wrote very popular travel books, a strange novel, and a biography of the Countess of Albany. She died in 1935. Mr. Gregory sees her as a precursor of Virginia Woolf. But the interest of her fascinating stories goes far beyond literary history.

These tales remind us that the exiled gods take refuge where they may. Too many people too often have said they were dead—just as it has been said that the Christianity which succeeded them has died. But nothing dies. As Professor Jean Seznec brilliantly proved in *The Survival of the Pagan Gods,* they lived through the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages in Christian thought, allegory, and art.

There were no dead gods for the Renaissance to resurrect. In the nineteenth century they still lived on—although they must have felt chilled—in Walter Pater's balanced prose. They lived, the only kind of life they ever had, in Vernon Lee's artistry.

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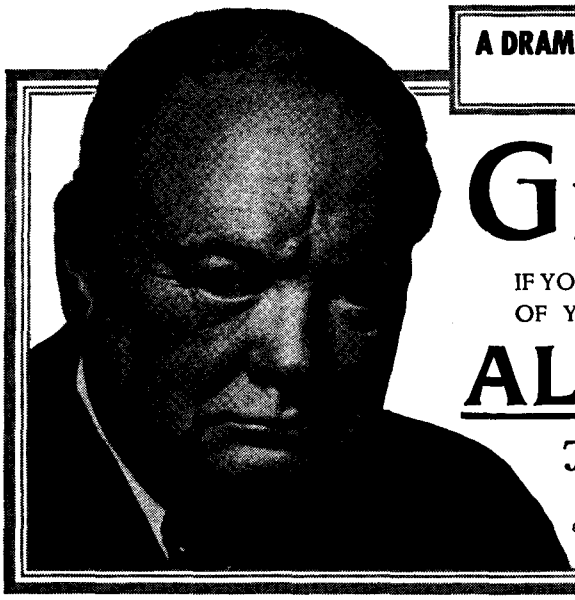

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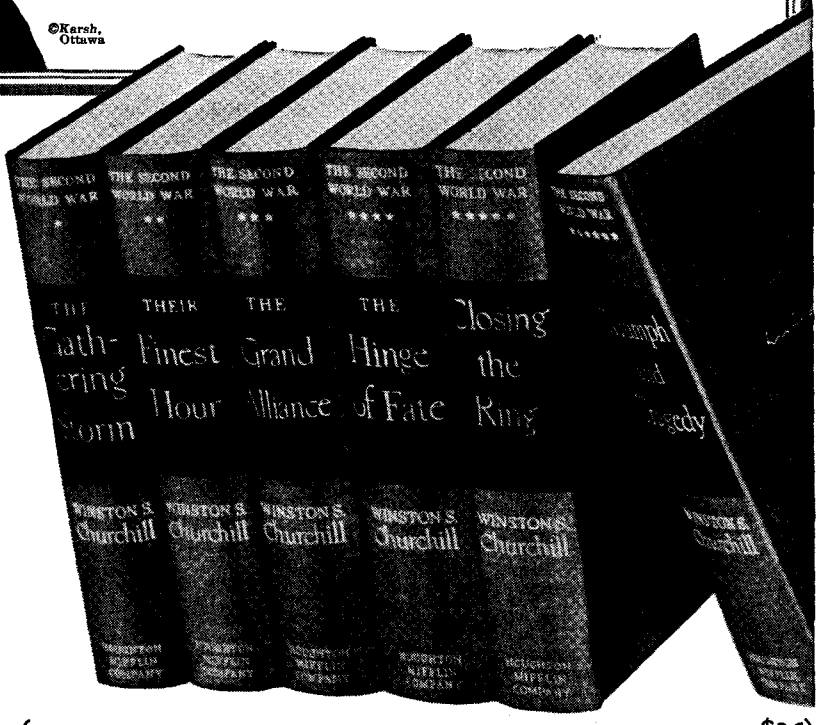

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